McKean County Miner.

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DEMETRA GUSTA NOT GUILTY OF MURDER.

This Macedonian is Adjudged Insane and will go to Asylum.

FASANO CASE IS NOW ON TRIAL.

So is the Mt. Jewett Herald Libel Case—Judge Hall Trying Fasano Case—Grand Jury Findings—Other Cases of Interest Disposed of.

The regular December term of criminal court convened at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon with a large attendance owing to the two murder trials which were on the list. George W. Mitchell of this place was appointed foreman of the grand jury, and after this body was instructed as to its important duties, retired to consider the indictments.

The constables' returns were made in due form, nothing unusual being reported.

The case of Cirriaco Fasano, who is charged with the murder of Massanti Marcello in the woods near Clermont last summer, was brought on yesterday morning. Judge Harry Alvin Hall, of Elk county is trying the case. All day yesterday was taken in securing a jury.

The jurors chosen are as follows:

E. L. Carpenter, Eldred township.
Chas. B. Heim, Bradford.
Thomas Potter, Bradford.
Wethers Smith, Lafayette township.
Michael Curtin, Kane.
C. W. Sewall, Norwich township.
W. H. Thomas, Bradford.
Harry [illegible], Bradford.
Arthur Stull, Eldred township.
Ray McDade, Kane.
Clint Lillibridge, Port Allegany.
Leo Digel, Smethport.

District Attorney Mayo is prosecuting the case and F. D. Gallup is defending the prisoner. This morning the taking of testimony commenced and the case will probably last until Friday or Saturday.

Gusta Acquitted on Grounds of Insanity.

The case of Demetra Gusta, who shot and killed his cousin, Angelo Nadelko, in the Oviatt building on Mechanic street, this borough, in May last, was taken up Monday afternoon and before court adjourned in the evening the following twelve jurymen had been selected:

C. A. Bishop, Port Allegany.
Clint Lillibridge, Port Allegany.
Frand Fessenmyer, Bradford.
R. A. McLean, Duke Center.
Ray McDade, Kane.
Sam Huff, Rew City.
Walter Haven, Lewis Run.
W. H. Thomas, Bradford.
Michael Curtin, Kane.
H. R. Lester, Bradford Township.
E. M. Ault, Kane.
Wethers Smith, Timbuck.

Tuesday morning the trial was started and all of the testimony was taken during the day, and the attorneys on both sides [illegible] their addresses to the jury before court adjourned for the afternoon. Court was in session during the evening and the case went to the jury.

The testimony generally pointed to the insanity of Gusta and after short deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty on the grounds that he was insane at the time he shot and fatally wounded his cousin while he was coming up the stairs on his return from a trip to get relief for the sick man who did the shooting, and that he is insane at the present time. He will be sent to the Warren insane asylum.

Gusta was prosecuted by District Attorney Mayo, assisted by Fred D. Gallup, Esq. Attorneys E. L. Keenan and Thomas H. Morrison were counsel for the defense. The plea of the prisoner was insanity.

Other Cases.

The first case tried was that of H. Molyneuse. He was charged with attacking a Kane store keeper with an umbrella which he jabbed through his victim's lip and nearly put out an eye. The jury found the defendant not guilty and placed three-fourths of the costs upon the prosecutor and one-fourth on the defendant. The latter made it appear that he was acting in self defense in the assault and battery case brought against him.

Mrs. James Surra of Bradford who was indicted for selling liquor without a license in that city pleaded guilty.

Floyd Burtit, charged with larceny, was found not guilty by the jury.

Adrian Vigliotti and Mary Vigliotti, man and wife, of Bradford charged with violating the license law, were put on trial and the case was so strong that they pleaded guilty, not attempting a defense. The man was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, costs of prosecution and three months' imprisonment in the county jail. The woman was paroled on promise to sell no more "becora."

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Claude Pickard of Mt. Alton, charged with abortion, was continued at the request of the district attorney to the next term of criminal court. The bail was fixed at $500 which was promptly furnished.

After the case against George Serivo and wife charged with selling liquor without a license was started, they changed their pleas of not guilty to guilty. Serivo was sentenced to pay $200 and costs of prosecution and to serve two months in the county prison. Serivo's wife was paroled under the care of Chief of Police Murray.

The libel case of Dr. Larson of Kane against the Mt. Jewett Herald is being tried. It is a suit growing out of a publication in the Mt. Jewett paper some time ago as to alleged treatment given a patient by the physician.

Grand Jury Findings.

Adrian Vigliotti and Mary Vigliotti, his wife, charged with selling liquor without a license, a true bill.

A true bill also was found against H. E. Shaffer, formerly a Kane lawyer, charging embezzlement in connection with certain loan transactions in Kane. Shaffer is not now in the county.

A true bill was found against H. Goodman on the charge of receiving stolen goods. Similar bills were found in like actions against M. Rosenblum and S. Shapiro, all of Bradford.

Floyd Burtit, charged with larceny, a true bill.

George Crist, accused of felonious assault, a true bill.

George Serivo and Rose Serivo, his wife of Bradford, charged with selling liquor without a license, a true bill.

Not a true bill was found against J. M. Butler accused of violating the liquor laws, and the costs were put on the county.

The grand jury completed its duties on Wednesday morning and was discharged with the thanks of the court.

NEWSPAPER MEN ORGANIZE.

Meeting Held in Bradford on Monday Was Well Represented.

The McKean County Publishers' Association was organized at a meeting of publishers and proprietors held at the St. James Hotel in this city Monday afternoon.

Those in attendance at the meeting were S. R. Lindsley of the McKean County Democrat, Smethport; R. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News; C. E. Boller, Port Allegany Argus; Elisha K. Kane of the Kane Leader; W. C. Colilnge, city editor of the Kane Republican; Gustine Cable, Bradford Sunday Herald; R. P. Habgood of the Bradford Star-Record and H. J. [illegible] of the Bradford Era.

S. R. Lindsley was made temporary chairman and Gustine Cable was chosen as secretary. There was a general discussion as to the advantages of a county organization after which the permanent association was perfected by the election of Mr. Lindsley as president and Mr. Cable secretary.

The president was authorized to appoint different members to look up various matters in connection with the newspaper and job printing business and report at the next meeting which will be held in this city on the first Monday in February.—Bradford Era.

The Miner is heartily in accord with this organization and hopes to become a member in the near future. It was only on account of an unusual rush of business that we were not represented at this meeting.

YOU ARE INVITED

to call and look over our Christmas stock of jewelry, cut glass, watches, diamonds, sterling and plated silver, imported brass goods, umbrellas, clocks, etc.

Christmas Goods
with prices right at
PHELPS, THE JEWELER,
107 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

TOOK POISON BY MISTAKE.

J. C. Backus Made an Error Which Nearly Cost Him His Life.

J. Clayton Backus, patentee of the Backus Automatic Pinsetter and the Backus Safety Coat, Hat and Umbrella Hook, is quite seriously ill at his home on East Main street, as a result of taking strychnine tablets, thinking they were headache tablets.

Monday evening Mr. Backus was suffering with a severe headache and, during the absence of Mrs. Backus, went to the medicine chest and taking out a small pasteboard box, which he supposed contained headache tablets, opened the same and took one. This not giving relief he took another in a few minutes and continued to repeat the dose until he had taken six within an hour, as he was in the habit of doing with the headache remedy.

Shortly after taking the last tablet he commenced to feel strangely and upon examining more closely the box he had taken them from he was startled to find that he had been taking strychnine tablets, the dose of which is one in three closures.

By this time the deadly drug had commenced to work on him in a very decided manner and he lost no time in telephoning for medical assistance. Dr. Hare Chadwick responded to the call and with the use of antidotes had him on the road to recovery in a short time.

Since that time Mr. Backus has been so ill that he has been confined to the house, but he is now out of danger and his many friends hope that he will be as well as ever in a few days. It was a pretty narrow escape, for had there been any long delay in getting medical aid the chances are death would have resulted.

HELD FOR HEARING.

Earl Chase Was Short in His Accounts With Singer Sewing Machine Co.

On Saturday evening last, just as he was returning home from a trip in the South, Earl Chase was arrested by Constable Foote on a warrant issued by the Singer Sewing Machine Company, charging him with being short in his accounts.

He was taken to the office of Justice A. W. Colegrove where he was placed under bail for a hearing to be held later. John Dodge of Keating township became his surety and he was given his liberty.

For a while last summer Mr. Chase was employed as agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company and when it came time for settlement he found that he did not have the money to make the settlement. The boy, for he is practically little past the age of boyhood, became frightened and left town. An agent of the company had a warrant sworn out for his arrest and when he returned home the paper was served.

The young man has many friends in this vicinity who feel sorry for him in his unfortunate circumstances and hope he will be able to adjust this matter satisfactorily to all, feeling certain that this experience will be a lesson to him in the future.

FIRE IN BRADFORD.

Barnsdall Printing Plant, Wagner Block, Badly Damaged Last Saturday.

The Barnsdall Printing Co.'s plant on Chambers street, was badly damaged by fire early this morning. It was soon after 1 o'clock when the blaze was discovered. It had been smouldering and great masses of smoke filled the building, when the firemen arrived in response to an alarm. Hose streams were promptly brought to bear upon the blaze, which was in the press room, and in a comparatively short time the fire was under control.

The flames had communicated with the dress-making rooms of Miss Ida Peterson in the same block, up stairs, and her loss is considerable.

The loss to the printing plant was this morning roughly estimated at over $2,000. It is covered by insurance. The damage to the building, the Wagner block, is also large but no estimate has been made as to the amount. It is fully insured.

The origin of the fire is unknown.—Saturday's Era.

Hand Painted China.

New line of novelties today. The correct gift for your best girl, your gentleman friend, husband, wife or baby. Call early.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

MRS. ANDERSON ACQUITTED.

She Told an Awful Story of Abuse Before She Shot Her Husband.

Mrs. Anna Anderson, who shot and killed her husband in Warren county several weeks ago, an account of which was published in this paper at the time, was tried in that county last week and on Wednesday evening of last week the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

She is a frail woman, 56 years of age, and the Mt. Jewett Herald tells the following of her trials which evidently led up to the killing of her husband:

In the course of her testimony Mrs. Anderson stated that her husband had always abused her and that they had quarreled during the day on which the shooting took place—Oct. 21st, 1908. That when it came time to retire for the night he had commanded her to kneel and pray, declaring that when she came to "Amen" he would kill her. The woman knelt for a long time praying, when her husband finally ordered her to bed, first placing a revolver under his pillow and another on the floor by the side of the bed. Lying quietly until she concluded that he had fallen asleep she undertook to reach the weapon on the floor at which he awakened and grasped the revolver beneath the pillow. At this she jumped to the floor, secured the weapon lying there and instantly they were firing at each other.

Mrs. Anderson was unable to state how many shots were fired by either. She had kept her gun leveled and working until she fell in a faint, from which she awakened next morning to find Anderson's dead body stretched across the bed.

After the killing the woman wrote a letter to one of her sons informing him of the tragedy after which she left for New York City. Later she returned to the home of another son where the officers arrested her.

FELL FROM BELFRY.

George B. Thomas Badly Injured at New U. B. Church.

George B. Thomas of Hickory street sustained painful and serious injuries Monday when he slipped and fell from the belfry of the new United Brethren church. He is lucky in not having been seriously injured, or perhaps killed. As it is he will be confined to his bed for at least a week longer, and will not be able to work again before spring.

Mr. Thomas has been working in the United Brethren church, now under course of construction on Mill street. On Monday afternoon at about 3:15 o'clock he was working on the outside of the belfry. There was no scaffold there as the workmen were able to get a foothold without it, though it was somewhat risky. While he was working there, his foot slipped, and he fell. He first struck the staging lower down with his back. The staging broke and he fell into the Lillibridge creek. The fall altogether was a distance of about thirty feet.

The injured man was immediately carried into the home of Mrs. M. B. Goff close by, and Dr. McGrainor was summoned. The doctor found that no bones were broken but that [illegible] ligaments were [illegible] loose by his fall, the back of his neck was badly jammed, there was a hole in his left leg nearly the size of a quarter, and the flesh was all knocked off one of his elbows, upon which he must have landed at some stage of his fall. He is resting comfortably now, and is doing fairly well considering the nature of his injuries.—Port Allegany Argus.

Efficient Service.

The Clarion State Normal School aims to give the largest measure of efficient service to those in attendance. With its present equipment and its splendid teaching force, this school offers superior advantages at a very low cost. Tuition free to prospective teachers. Write for catalog and full information to the principal.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Prin.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact, if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WOMAN KILLED IN BRADFORD.

Mrs. Mary E. Lytle Was Struck by a Train Last Thursday Evening.

Friday's Bradford Era says: "Mrs. Mary E. Lytle, aged 56 years, wife of Murdock Lytle, the machinist of No. 75 Holley avenue, was fatally injured at 5:45 o'clock last evening. She was struck by a B. R. & P. work train northbound, at the Kendall avenue grade crossing of that railroad.

The train of a dozen cars, drawn by Engine No. 341, in charge of Conductor James Shay and Engineer Richard Fitzgerald, both of Bradford, was near the Dresser plant when Flagman Myser saw Mrs. Lytle approaching from the west side of the tracks. He observed that she proceeded in her walk, to within 20 feet of the northbound track where she halted, for a moment, as if undecided as to whether to cross ahead of the train or not. Mr. Myser lifted up his lantern and told the woman to wait.

She appeared to pay no attention to the caution and started to run across the railroad. She was struck by the pilot of the engine and thrown into the ditch at the east side of the northbound track. Mrs. Lytle was unconscious when the flagman and others reached her side.

Koch's ambulance was summoned and the lady was hurried to the Bradford Hospital where the company's surgeon gave her surgical attention. It was found that her skull had been fractured. An arm was broken and she was otherwise severely injured.

She died within an hour after reaching the hospital and without regaining consciousness.

The body was taken to Sloan's undertaking rooms last evening and prepared for burial. Today it will be removed to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Hane, at No. 16 Sanford street.

Mrs. Lytle was a most estimable woman, who previous to her coming to Bradford, lived at Duke Centre. She was actively identified with the Asbury M. E. church in East Bradford and her many friends are greatly shocked by her death.

She is survived by her husband, Murdock Lytle, and one son, Carbon Lytle of Homestead, Pa., and one daughter, Mrs. Walter Hane of Sanford street, this city.

The husband and family will have much sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

Dealing With the Wooly Aphis.

Some infested apple twigs were received from Franklin county at the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, and the person sending them was of the opinion that the trees were infested when they left the nursery. In reporting upon these twigs, State Zoologist Surface wrote as follows:

"The apple twigs which you sent are infested with an insect known as the Wooly Aphis. It is not the regular Apple Aphis but a worse pest, for the reason that it feeds not only on the bark of twigs but also on the roots. You are liable to receive these pests from any nurseryman, or they may come to your trees after you get them from the nursery.

I would [illegible] your [illegible] trees [illegible] with any good contact insecticide, such as is recommended for San Jose Scale. Lime-sulfur wash will do for this. Be sure that the spray liquid is blown into all kinds and cracks where these pests inhabit.

The worst feature about the Wooly Aphis is that it attacks the roots; and this you can not well determine without making special examination for it. It produces knots which keep the sap from flowing well through them, whether they be on the roots or branches, and it also keeps these places in about the same condition as sores on animals. Where the insects are on the roots the best thing to do is to remove the soil enough to expose them, and at once cover the infested places with powdered tobacco or tobacco dust, which in itself is a valuable fertilizer, and then replace the soil and you may be sure the pests will be killed. Remember that powdered tobacco is better than tobacco stems for this purpose.

If you do not wish to go to the trouble and expense of spraying the trees for the Wooly Aphis, and if they have no San Jose Scale, or other pests that would demand a winter spray with contact insecticides, such as lime-sulfur wash, you can treat this pest efficiently and much cheaper by simply using a paint brush and painting the spots where it occurs with a contact insecticide, such as one pound of whale oil soap dissolved in one gallon of water, or extra strong lime-sulfur solution, or twenty per cent. kerosene emulsion, or such other materials as are efficient and satisfactory for San Jose Scale."

THE HADLEY EXHIBITION.

For the Benefit of the Smethport High School Athletic Association.

The exacting public has come to the conclusion that the Hadley pictures are of the highest standard and from all points of view far outclass all competition.

This exhibition was given last year in Smethport and as far as the pictures were concerned was well received. Unfortunately last year the cylinder containing the oxygen was interferred with in transit so that the light was not the best. This year the company guarantees that the light will be perfect.

Every new engagement brings a complete change of program, the latest and best in motion photography.

This program is replete with a variety of educational, mirthful, amazing, mysterious pictures blending perfectly into an evening of unalloyed pleasure. This exhibition is a veritable revelation in the possibilities of motion photography.

One of the wonders of this age is motion photography, and each year sees greater advancement in this particular line.

Perhaps the century has furnished no grander or greater art than moving pictures. Through it we are given actual reproductions of the works of nature; the events and notable occurrences of the day are brought to us; scenes of foreign countries are reproduced absolutely true in every minor detail. As a means of education it stands unequalled.

This art has no more capable exponent than Edwin J. Hadley, whose delightful performances in the past have earned for him the undisputed title of "America's Greatest Exhibitor."

His coming exhibition will be entirely new and will add to his previously earned laurels. The program will embrace the very latest and best subjects of Europe and America.

Reserved seats on sale at 35 cents at Wells' drug store on Tuesday at 9 a. m. General admission has been fixed at 25 cents. Children under 12 years at 15 cents.

The date—Thursday, Dec. 23, 8:30 p. m.

The place—The Lyceum.

Resolutions.

Whereas, it has pleased the wise and beneficent Creator, to take from our midst Brother Washington Stark, who was a loyal member of our Tent, and whose death was a great shock to his many friends,

Resolved, that Smethport Tent No. 8 tender to his widow and children our heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad hour of bereavement, admonishing them to console themselves by looking forward to that sweet day by and by, when they meet to part [illegible]

[illegible]

Death of Mrs. Hastings

The death of Mrs. Margaretta K. Hastings, wife of Attorney F. W. Hastings, occurred at her home, No. 55 Walker avenue, Saturday morning at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Hastings had been an invalid for a number of years. Prior to her illness she was very active in both church and social circles. She was well known and highly esteemed. Deceased was aged 64 years and had long been a resident of Bradford. She is survived by her husband; four sons, F. W. Hastings, Jr., of Jersey City, N. J.; William T. Hastings of Marietta, O.; Harold H. Hastings of Pittsburg; Nelson S. Hastings of Cleveland; and one daughter, Mrs. Mary W. Lowe of this city.—Bradford Era.

Stop at M. L. Armstrong's on your way down town and buy me a Pearl Brooch and a Neck Chain for Mame, and you had better throw that old watch away and buy a new 16 size, South Bend 19 jeweled, so you will not miss the train, and did you notice those swell rings? He is selling cheaper than ever, and you [illegible] what a few dollars will [illegible]. Call today.

I am now ready to take orders for the Wear-Ever Aluminum [illegible]

MRS. F. C. [illegible]

BRADFORD, PA. | CASSEROLES | LANE'S SHOP | TIARA'S | VANITY CASES | BRADFORD, PA.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

[illegible]

[illegible] Conkling to [illegible] in his "Pioneer History of [illegible]." [illegible] when [illegible] was traveling over the thinly settled hills of Dearborn county [illegible] for congress.

He met a man with whom he was well acquainted, by name Tom Oglesby, who was just getting over a protracted debauch. Jennings began asking Tom about his political views. The half sober fellow looked at him and said:

"Jen, [illegible] a man just out of a [illegible] to the election [illegible] from [illegible] the days I was [illegible] a panther [illegible] over [illegible] panther [illegible] to see what the panther intended to do.

"In a [illegible] I heard her coming, and [illegible] kittens with her. Every few steps she would jump as if entertaining them, and the little ones would [illegible] through the [illegible]. She kept this up until she got near to the heap of leaves she had covered over me and then made a spring on the pile. She looked just as I felt when I found that I was covered up for dead. She then started in to investigate the cause of my disappearance, and before she located me I shot her."

Jennings, after hearing this, said:

"Well, Tom, I believe I should treat you as one from the dead and that you should begin your life from this point. We were schoolboys together. I know you are a capable civil engineer and well educated, and if you cease drinking I will see that you have a good position on the surveying corps."

Tom Oglesby did quit drinking. Jennings was elected and kept his promise to his old friend, who became one of the well known engineers of the United States.

THERMOMETERS.

Testing Processes at the National Weather Bureau.

Each day at the weather bureau in Washington the thermometers received from various manufacturers throughout the country are put through the test of standardizing them.

The various processes through which the bulbs pass before they are labeled "accurate" are easy, inasmuch as there is practically little scientific work attached to the test. When a thermometer is first handed to the man in the testing room, it is dipped into a vat filled with a compound far below the freezing point. It is thrust in at the point where it happens to be at the time and worked up and down until the degree of the compound is reached. Having then recorded the lowest temperature, the process of testing for the highest is begun. This is just as simple as testing for the low temperature. The [illegible] vat of water first at [illegible] degrees. Then it is worked [illegible] recorded.

If the [illegible] will indicate [illegible] degrees further [illegible] is [illegible] tolerably warm [illegible] and one seldom if ever [illegible] by natural heat.

A thermometer the bulb of which contains mercury will not register [illegible] is, mercury will freeze at that point. In this country very little use is found for thermometers showing more than 28 degrees below zero, but in the far north they are of course necessary. Such instruments, however, contain spirits in the bulbs instead of mercury, but even this fluid becomes sluggish when 40 or 50 below zero is recorded, and it will seldom show 60 below.—Harper's Weekly.

Shampoo.

An [illegible] eighteenth century traveler, who is the first person known to have made mention of the word "shampoo," wrote that "Shampooing is an operation not known in Europe and is peculiar to the Chinese, which I had once the curiosity to go through, and for which I paid but a trifle. However, had I not seen several Chinese merchants shampooed before me, I should have been apprehensive of danger, even at the sight of all the different instruments." The original "shampoo" and this traveler's detailed account, and [illegible] for long after his time, [illegible] was very much [illegible]. It was [illegible]

[illegible]

—Puck.

Taking No Risks.

Dentist—You should have taken gas, as I suggested, sir. You would have felt no pain. Victim—Me take gas! Me, with £20 in my pocket? No fear. Get it over.—London Tit-Bits.

Well Bred.

"That's a well bred child."

"You bet she is. Never corrects her parents publicly, no matter what the exigencies of the case may be."—Pittsburg Post.

SIRES AND SONS.

The gifts of John D. Rockefeller to the Chicago university now total over [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] has held [illegible] American championship at [illegible] for about thirty years.

S. P. [illegible] is the only one armed athlete. His home is in Maine. He is a veteran of the civil war and lost an arm in the service.

[illegible] county, Md., at the age of [illegible] one of the most successful growers in the neighborhood and personally directs the operations of a large estate.

Theodore Erlson, who is [illegible] years old, walked [illegible] miles to the National [illegible] and asked [illegible]. He explained that, for the first [illegible] of his life, he had been [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of Marion, who has been appointed a justice of the Massachusetts [illegible] court, is the third of that name to hold a place on the bench in that state. His grandfather was a justice and his father chief justice of the supreme judicial court. The new judge was graduated at Yale in 1883.

Culinary Conceits.

When broiling halibut cover the fish with minced green pepper. The seasoning will be found to be delicious.

With roast turkey or chicken, besides the rich gravy to which chopped truffles and mushrooms have been added, orange marmalade is served and proves an appetizing departure from cranberries.

A saddle of lamb served with melted currant jelly is an attractive meat course. To make it even more palatable, mint sauce should also be passed, as the combination of the jelly and sauce is delicious.

Sliced sweet potatoes, first fried and then baked in a dish with sugar and butter sirup, are food fit for the gods and are especially to be served with fried chicken a la Maryland. The butter and sugar permeate the vegetable until it is honey sweet, and the frying beforehand prevents it from being too soggy.

The White Plague.

In the prisons of Bengal, India, tuberculosis kills about two prisoners in every hundred.

According to tests made recently on 728 children from the tenement house section of New York city, 28 per cent showed signs of tuberculosis either of the joints, glands or lungs.

The death rate from tuberculosis among the Chinese residents of the United States is 685 and among the Japanese 226 per 100,000 living, while among the white population of the country the rate is 178.

The [illegible] is a frequent cause of consumption. A large majority of people are too lazy or too ignorant to breathe deep, and hence the lungs are developed only to part of their capacity, and thus afford fertile field for the growth of the tuberculosis germ.

Things Theatrical.

Franklin Ritchie has been engaged for a prominent role in "Israel."

Trixie Friganza is making a tour of the country in Cohan's "American Idea."

Eva Tanguay is giving a new song and dance in Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1909."

Stella Mayhew has been engaged by Lew Fields to play in his production, "Old Dutch."

Ethel Levey captured a London audience on her first appearance in the English metropolis.

Mabel Taliaferro has sent out dainty circulars requesting her friends of the public to know her in future as "Nell."

The report is cheering the profession that there is such a demand for actors in the productions of the season that there are few idle ones.

Law Points.

A sale of the good will of a partnership business in connection with a sale of the business is held in Southworth versus Davison, 106 Minn. 119; 118 N. W. 363; 19 L. R. A. (N. S.) 769, to bind the [illegible] individually as well as [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] From France.

Two-thirds of the entire area of France is under crops of cereals.

Among the 15,310 vessels in the inland waterways of France 2,649 are foreign owned.

A schoolboy of thirteen named Paul Onard, whose one act play was presented as a curtain raiser at the theater in Champigny-la-Bataille, France, shrugged his shoulders when the audience applauded him and explained that he only wrote when he felt bored during the holidays.

INSURANCE!

"IT is better to have IT, and not need IT, than to need IT, and not have IT."

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Insure your property in

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UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

[illegible]

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A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Christmas Goods

My New Christmas goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Gonies. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Death on the Guillotine.

Sardou, in order to be present at the execution of Troppmann in January, 1870, spent the night before with La Roquette, the prison director. In his description he says: "At daybreak the guests went out upon the cold, black execution place, where the guillotine had already been erected. The bedraggled crowd, which had spent the night in drinking places, sang ribald songs and from time to time shouted for 'Deibler,' the executioner, who meanwhile was explaining the mechanism. The basket in which the head was to drop was brought, and while looking at it I was horrified to see the lid raise and a human form emerge. 'Don't worry,' said Deibler, with a smile; 'that is only my wife, who wanted to see the execution, and I chose the simplest way to secure a good place for her.'" Clemenceau saw Emile Henry decapitated on May 22, 1894, in his capacity as a journalist, and, describing how the culprit was dragged to the machine, strapped upon the plank and then tortured by awaiting the pleasure of Deibler till the knife finally ended it all, said that the "horror of it" made him sick.

Why Blinds Were Drawn.

The Edinburgh landlady of the seventies who astounded James Payn by her stern determination to have the blinds drawn closely down on the Sabbath was but carrying on the traditions of her great-grandparents. The Scot of the early eighteenth century had a reason for drawing his blinds on Sunday. Mr. Thompson in his "Weaver's Craft" gives it. "Sometimes the minister himself," he wrote, "when he got a colleague to preach for him, would make the rounds, accompanied by an elder, to spy with his own eyes the sins of the absentees. Here one man is found romping with his bairns, another, as the minister peeped through the window, was detected kissing his wife, two men were found drinking ale, and one was found with his coat off, as if he were going to work, and still another was seen eating a hearty dinner. All were pulled up before the session of the kirk and repentance forced upon each."—London Standard.

Bread and Cheese.

A couple advanced in years got married lately.

"The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and, being curious of its contents, she begged again and again to see the room.

At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses!

He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese.

His wife began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear," he said. "I've had no sweethearts since I met you."

"It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had been as thoughtful as you and bought a loaf of bread for every man that kissed me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

Number 306

He Saved a Child and Lost His Own Worthless Life.

By EUNICE UNDERWOOD

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

The morning was very pleasant, but so far all the mornings had been pleasant at this delightful out of the way resort. Mrs. Bradford drew a long breath as she descended the hotel steps. Her physician had certainly been right when he recommended a change of climate. Already she began to feel the influence of the mild air and the long days spent out of doors. She smiled at the child by her side with a questioning smile.

"Where to, Mildred?" she asked.

The little girl who was skipping along by her side looked up brightly.

"The plaza, of course, mamma. You can read, and I will play. This afternoon we'll go down on the beach."

The street was very quiet but for a cab and dray with its load of trunks and here and there a group of [illegible] on their way to the plaza or the beach; overhead a few buzzards circled about, and from the direction of the plaza came a slight breeze which was laden with perfume of orange blossoms and the [illegible] of the bay, which glistened beyond the trees.

As they reached the corner a [illegible] across the street, and his shadowed face broadened into a grin when the customer smilingly refused the chance he offered.

Through the openings in the trees they could see the white sails of pleasure boats on the bay and beyond these the green shore of Promontory point. Near the extreme end of the point rose the tall, white buildings of the state penitentiary. Mrs. Bradford shivered a little as she saw them. The grim buildings seemed out of place in this quiet winter resort.

It was not far to the plaza, but when they reached it they found that most of the settees were already occupied. They walked down one of the side paths and came back by the fountain. As they did so Mildred turned suddenly.

"There's a seat that's most all empty," she whispered eagerly.

It was a little off the path and half hidden by the low branches of a live oak. As they approached Mrs. Bradford noticed that its only occupant was a tall young man whose face looked strangely white and eager. He watched them curiously as they sat down, and his lips parted in a friendly smile. Then, as though conscious of impropriety, he got up and began to walk back and forth uneasily. For a time Mrs. Bradford scarcely noticed him, then something peculiar about his step caused her to raise her eyes from the book she was reading. The young man seemed to have forgotten their presence and was walking back and forth with bowed head. Every few seconds he wheeled sharply and retraced his steps.

Mrs. Bradford noticed with curious wonder that he always wheeled at exactly the same points. Then she saw that his left foot dragged behind the other as though it carried a heavy weight. At first she thought he was lame, but even while she was compassionating him he raised his head with a quick, startled movement, and for a time the lameness disappeared and the walk was extended to the end of the path.

Then his head once more sank upon his breast, the short turns were resumed, and the left foot again began its weary drag. Apparently he was [illegible] the [illegible] several [illegible] recover himself [illegible] sharply at each.

Overhead [illegible] mocking birds were calling to each other, and something in their notes seemed to arouse him from his reverie. Presently he stepped beneath the tree and glanced up with a rapt expression on his face. Mrs. Bradford saw it, and her eyes softened.

"You like the birds?" she said pleasantly.

"I used to," he replied hesitatingly. Then, noticing the surprise in her face, he added apologetically: "I haven't seen any before for most ten years. They seem sort of strange."

He stood still for a moment with the color deepening on his sallow cheeks; then he stooped forward and threw himself on the grass at the foot of the tree. Mrs. Bradford gazed at him a moment [illegible] to her book.

[illegible]

After [illegible] his [illegible] to return it [illegible] he looked up [illegible]

"The [illegible]" she said pleasantly. "I [illegible]"

"But man [illegible] said [illegible] to a [illegible] wistfully. "[illegible]"

"No, if you have [illegible]" he said, and, [illegible] taking a small package from his pocket, he opened it and showed her several curious needles and some coarse, strong thread.

"They gave them to me when I left. It's the place where I learned my trade," he said in a low voice. "I don't suppose I shall ever use them. My folks will not let me do that. But I shall always keep them near me. Some time I may need advice, and this little package will be able to tell me a great many things—a great many sad things which you will never understand, little one," he added gently.

Mildred gazed at him wonderingly, but as she saw the skilled fingers draw the leather over the ball and fasten it securely in place her look of wonder changed to one of pleasure.

"I'm ever so much obliged," she said gratefully. "I'd hate awfully to lose the ball. Grandpa gave it to me." She watched him a few moments in silence, then added with a sudden burst of confidence, "Grandpa lives at our house, and we're going home soon 's it gets warm."

The young man sewed on for a few moments in silence. At last the ball was finished, and he carefully replaced the needle in his pocket.

"I'm going home, too," he said gravely as he handed her the ball. "I'm waiting for the train now."

"And have you got a mamma?" she asked, with selfish interest.

"Yes, and she has been waiting for me a long, long time. Poor little mother!" the last too low for her to [illegible]. As the little girl was moving away he called her with a sudden gesture.

"I wish you would take this," he said earnestly as he gave her a tiny box of exquisite workmanship. "I made it from a piece of ivory which was found on a battlefield and intended to give it to my sister. You make me think of her."

"But won't she want it?" Mildred objected.

"She is dead," was the grave answer.

The little girl's face grew sympathetic.

"I'm sorry," she said gently, "and I'd like to keep the box ever so much, but [illegible]"

Mildred [illegible] to her mother. The young [illegible] that [illegible] for her [illegible] with [illegible] For some time a [illegible] was going on between mother and child. Mildred was evidently arguing for her new friend, and her mother was quietly opposing her. But the mother stood firm, and at last the child returned with a disappointed air.

"Mamma says I mustn't take gifts from strangers," she said regretfully, "but I'm ever so much obliged, just the same."

The sun spots moved slowly across the grass until the [illegible] in the thicker shadows of the trees. The young man [illegible] by. [illegible] in the distance [illegible]

[illegible]

"Are you [illegible]" [illegible] asked.

"No, [illegible] nothing but home," he replied. "I couldn't [illegible] here than [illegible] at the depot." For some moments [illegible] Evidently he [illegible] some memory of the past, for he sighed as he turned away.

A little later Mrs. Bradford was aroused by excited voices. Several figures rushed past her. For a moment she gazed around wonderingly; then she rose and followed. Near the fountain was a group of excited people. In the open space beyond she recognized Mildred playing with her ball. What was the matter?

But even as she wondered came the wild rush of a pair of frightened horses into the open space. What followed happened so quickly that she could not realize it until it was over. Mildred was placed, sobbing, in her arms, and a hushed group closed about the silent figure on the ground.

"It was the bravest thing I ever saw," said one man in a low voice.

"But a sad thing for the poor chap and his people, if he had any," said another compassionately.

"What was it? What struck him?" asked one who came up and joined the crowd.

"The child was playing near the fountain. A runaway team came down the road, making for the place where the child was, all unconscious of the danger. He," pointing to the figure on the ground, "jumped in, threw her from under, and the whole thing passed over him."

"Well, he went to his last home doing a heroic act," said another. "He gave his life for a little child."

Two guards from the penitentiary came across the plaza and joined the group. A moment later one of them gave a few quiet directions to a hackman who was standing near.

"It is No. 306," Mrs. Bradford heard him say. "Poor fellow! And he has only been out a few hours. I must telegraph to his folks."

Mrs. Bradford waited until she saw them place the motionless figure in the hack, then walked slowly back to the settee.

Under the live oak she saw something glisten. Picking it up, she found it was the little ivory box.

"Here, Mildred," she said in a low voice, "you may keep it."

The Quick Witted Sharp.

Mrs. Sharp—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you was single once more, did you? Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you over again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

—paid for—

BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY,

William M. Hagan,

HAZELHURST, PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor.
Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1900.

Santa in the Stable,

is short for Holiday fare for your horse if his grain and feed have been bought from us. At all times watchful of the interests of yourself and your dumb friends and servitors, we bespeak liberal purchases of hay, oats, corn and other grains and feed this Holiday time. Open your heart and your pocketbook for a Christmas treat for Mr. Equine.

F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE "MINER"

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER
$1 00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

CHRISTMAS IN HERE

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF

Cut Glass and China

Suitable for

Handsome Christmas Presents

We also have a lot of odds and ends which we have placed on a

5 AND 10 CENT COUNTER

that are well worth their value.

Smethport Cut Glass at Factory Price.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner
Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 16, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The rabbit season closed yesterday.

—Don't put off your Christmas shopping another day.

—Seats on sale at Wells on Tuesday at 9:00 a. m. for the Hadley exhibition.

—Read the advertisement of the Rochester Business University in this issue.

—[illegible] Shiley [illegible] entertained the Kensington Club yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. J. V. [illegible] entertained the Bridge Whist Club last Thursday evening.

—Fry & Comes have another interesting advertisement for Christmas shoppers this week.

—Those who want feed or grain of any kind should read the advertisement of F. A. Green in another column.

—As it always, McCoy's Drug Store advertisement will be of great interest to holiday shoppers. Don't fail to read it.

—Means Brothers, proprietors of the Big Store, tell you about the things they have for holiday gifts in their advertisement this week.

—Daly & Garlick have only a few words to say in their advertisement but they have a big stock of goods suitable for Christmas gifts.

—The condition of Mrs. Jennie Tracy, who is seriously ill at the home of her parents on Main street, remains practically unchanged.

—Dr. W. L. McWilliams, who has run a dental office in Mt. Jewett for the past eight years, has moved to Sharpsville, Mercer county, Pa. The Doctor has many friends here who will be sorry to learn that he has left this county but wish him success in his new home.

—Along with their big sale of ladies' suits and coats The Lindholm Co. has a few words to say about Christmas goods in their advertisement.

—What has become of our curfew ordinance? We never did think any too well of it, but we would like to know what has become of it, nevertheless.

—Elaborate and complete views of Rome will be presented by Edwin J. Hadley as part of his Touring Europe travel scenes at the Lyceum on Thursday, Dec. 23.

—The Bachelor Vaudeville Co. of Harrisburg will give a performance at the Lyceum in the near future. This is reported to be an excellent company and it should be liberally patronized.

—Miss Nan Dennison, one of the young ladies who is a witness in the Brokaw divorce suit and a personal friend of Mrs. Brokaw, is quite well known to several Smethport people.

—A big sale of winter suits and overcoats is advertised by H. W. Rubin in this issue. This will be a good opportunity for those who want something in this line for the holidays.

—The Sunday school classes of Mrs. Warley Gifford, Mrs. W. H. Morrison, Miss Green and Miss Young will give a penny social at St. Luke's parish house Thursday evening at seven o'clock.

—To secure a correct idea of how beautiful Venice really is, secure seats in advance and witness the superb travel views and Tour of Europe that will be presented at the Lyceum next Thursday.

—Mr. William Blake of Eldred and Miss Blanche Chilcote were married at the home of the groom's brother, Robert Blake in Bradford last Saturday evening. They will reside in Eldred for the present at least. Mr. Blake has been employed here at times and both have many friends in Smethport and vicinity who wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

—Coudersport's council is putting cinder beds on some of its streets leading onto their paved streets. This seems to be a pretty good idea and one that is worth while for our council to look up.

—Coasting on the sidewalks is indulged in quite freely by the young boys and girls in this borough. Of course there is an ordinance prohibiting such practice but it has evidently died from neglect like many others.

—In this issue will be found the large holiday advertisement of Bell Brothers of Olean. Everybody in this section knows this popular firm and will be pleased to read of the many things they have for the holiday trade.

—Mrs. Kate I. Berry and Mrs. Grace Emery-Martin of Bradford, representing the Anti-Tuberculosis League, will speak to the ladies of the Travellers' Club at their regular meeting on Saturday. It is hoped that all members who are in town will be present.

—H. F. Wright is seriously ill at his home on East Main street, suffering with grippe and other complications. Although nearly eighty years of age "Comrade" Wright went hunting down in Clinton county a couple of weeks ago and camped out for a few days in a hunter's shanty. He caught a severe cold, and since returning home he has been confined to the house. His many friends throughout this section wish for his speedy recovery.

—Judging from the following from the Coudersport Enterprise the Galeton people don't like to have the State Constabulary interfere with their home troubles: The B. & S. Ry. company has caused six members of the mounted State Police to be brought to Galeton, an act that Galeton citizens as a whole condemn, as they believe their presence was unneeded as well as an insult to the town. It is stated that the strike breakers are becoming restless under conditions existing in the shops there, and that many of the men carry revolvers.

—Harry Goodman, H. H. Rosenfield and S. Shapiro, all charged with having received stolen goods in connection with the alleged larceny by Joseph Lovitz of $500 worth of junk, said to have belonged to H. Lovitz, were given a hearing before Alderman Foley yesterday afternoon. John P. Melvin, Esq., appeared for the defendants and T. F. Mullin, Esq., for the Commonwealth. After hearing the evidence of a number of witnesses, Alderman Foley bound the defendants over to court, fixing the bail of each at $300. The trio were released after furnishing the necessary bonds.—Saturday's Era.

—John Beatty, through his father Edward Beatty, and Edward Beatty in his own right, have brought suit against the Dupont Powder company for damages in the sum of $25,000—$20,000 for the son and $5,000 for the father. The Beatty lad was terribly burned in an explosion of gas at the well of the East Bradford Oil company, of School street, last April. This is the third action to be brought against the powder company for damages, by the parents of children who were burned. T. F. Mullin has been retained by the plaintiffs and D. H. Jack will act for the defendant company.—Star-Record.

—A stranger went into a store in Coudersport last week and after picking out some goods, tried to get a check cashed for $31.84. The salesman was a little suspicious and upon making inquiry found the check was a forgery. In the meantime the stranger disappeared. He gave his name as John Kelly and the check was upon the Galeton First National Bank and signed by Dan Green. Daniel Green is a well-known lumberman at Galeton. The stranger is about 30 years of age and it is thought that he is working this game in this section quite extensively.

—The Bradford Star-Record has the following to say of our three mighty hunters well known in this place: One day last week F. P. Holley, Max Moore and E. C. Tarner visited Dan Cooper at Newton. The Bradford men were armed with shot guns and accompanied by hounds with bass voices. Guided by Hunter Cooper they pushed into the underbrush in search of Jack rabbits. Each man was posted as a picket in spots selected by Cooper and then the dogs were put on the trail of a rabbit. They ran the long eared animal for some time and as a reminder that they were on his trail, emitted long, deep throated bays. This was music for the hunters—for a short time. The baying of the dogs grew fainter and fainter, as the rabbit with long leaps ran away from the locality where the Bradford deadshots were located. "That rabbit is going down to Smethport," one muttered as he changed to a more comfortable position. In a few moments Moore was sweetly slumbering, regardless of the fact that he was supposed to guard against the possible onslaughts of ravenous Jack rabbits. As he slept, the noise of the dogs grew louder and soon a large, white rabbit came loping through the brush. Bunny shook his left ear at Max and vanished. The baying of the dogs soon aroused the somnolent hunter, but 'twas then too late, the rabbit had gone to return no more and Max had lost out while asleep on the stump.

Advertise in The Miner.

DIPLOMACY.

A Vague Threat That Meant Nothing, but Brought Quick Results.

The late Lord Salisbury some years ago sent a foreign office emissary to make some demands of a South American republic. Before setting out on his mission the emissary, to whom his lordship had explained the exact nature of the demands, desired to be informed as to the course to take if, after he had said everything, there was a refusal.

"Oh," answered Lord Salisbury, "this is not a matter in which we have the least thought of fighting! If the president refuses, why, you will simply have to come home again."

The emissary went and had his say to the president of the republic, who blankly refused to give in, and the diplomat retired to think things over. A few hours later he wrote to the president:

"I regret that your excellency does not see your way to recognize the justness of the claims which I have had the honor to present. I have now to say, on behalf of her Britannic majesty's government, that unless your excellency yields on all points which I have named it will be my painful duty to act on the second half of my instructions."

Under this vague and significant threat the president yielded at once.—London Telegraph.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

For the Holidays

Fine Perfumes
Fine Stationary
Leather Goods
The Beautiful Pickard China
Fountain Pens
Xmas Cards
Xmas Seals
Gold Fish, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR
FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A Gun Must be Shot Every Minute

One of our mammoth guns must be shot every minute to supply the call for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

For last month, these foods were served for seventeen million meals.

We ask you tomorrow to surprise your folks, and have one of them served on *your* table.

When you see these crisp, gigantic grains, you'll not wonder that people like them.

Unbroken grains, puffed to eight times natural size—made four times as porous as bread.

Grains with every starch granule exploded, so the digestive juices act instantly.

Foods that are good—and good for you. Foods that the children like.

You are missing more than you know while you cling to foods not nearly so enticing as these.

Puffed Wheat—10c Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

[illegible]

[illegible] births, marriages and death notices inserted [illegible]

[illegible] and "obituary" notices [illegible]

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 16, 1909.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner: Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.
Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, [illegible], Clearfield and Cameron, subject to the [illegible] Republican Party, [illegible] June [illegible], 1910.

Yours truly,
Chas. E. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Patrick F. Sheedy, one of the best known sporting men in the world and an authority on art, died Sunday night after an illness of two years at his residence and art gallery, No. 161 West Thirty-Fourth street, New York.

Now George H. Griffin of New York comes out and says that all data and observations of Dr. Cook's dash to the North Pole were manufactured and that he and Captain Loose did the job. Dr. Cook is keeping shady and not saying a word, and the story of Dunkle seems to be credited by many.

The prospects for a fusion ticket in Pennsylvania next year are strong, so the Pittsburgh Dispatch says. A ticket framed up as a possible result of the fusion movement is as follows: For Governor, C. LaRue Munson of Williamsport, Democrat; for lieutenant governor, D. Clarence Gibboney, Independent Republican, Philadelphia; for secretary of internal affairs, William H. Berry, Democrat and Prohibitionist, Chester. That is certainly an interesting ticket but it is so strongly Democratic that the Independent Republicans will probably insist upon changing it somewhat.

Nine men frozen to death, covered with ice, were towed into Erie, Pa., by the State Fisheries boat Commodore Perry, Sunday. The frigid fetters that bound them kept eight of the men seated, stark and stiff, in the little yawl in which they had struggled to escape the fate that overcame them. The ninth of the dead crew was prone, frozen in the yawl's bottom. And there had been a tenth passenger on this hideous voyage, for in the yawl's bow was found every stitch of clothing that a sailor man on the Great Lakes wears in this season. There is little doubt that this tenth man, [illegible] him through [illegible] ice, went mad, stripped himself and plunged to a [illegible]

Declaring unconstitutional the law of May [illegible], 1909, prohibiting foreigners from having firearms, Judge S. J. Telford of Indiana county, has rendered a decision in the case of George Cosick, a citizen of Austria-Hungary, furnishing a precedent which will hold good throughout Pennsylvania until some game warden takes it before the supreme court. Cosick, in accordance with the law, was arrested for carrying firearms, fined $25 and his gun was confiscated. Cosick took the case to the court and Judge Telford discharged him and ruled that the gun should not have been confiscated and he should not have been fined. In rendering his decision Judge Telford filed a lengthy opinion and cited many decisions regarding the rights of citizens and foreigners.

An investigation of the telephone conditions in Pennsylvania, it is expected, will shortly be inaugurated by the State Railroad commission by the [illegible] resolution of the last Legislature. The inquiry will be exhaustive [illegible] New York [illegible] in Pennsylvania [illegible] this act creating the State Railroad commission and the latter is empowered to call for all the books and records of such companies, including contracts. The investigation, therefore, is likely to be most thorough.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. [illegible] and F. [illegible]

[illegible] Application for Charter.

[illegible] hereby given that an application will be made to His Excellency, Edwin S. Stewart, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1909, by F. L. Holmes, F. L. Sherburne, Burg Chadwick, W. J. Kerr, W. H. Hungerford and others under the provisions of the corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called "Electric Toy Manufacturing Company," the character and object of which are for the purpose of the manufacture and sale of electric and magnetic toys, instruments, implements and machinery, novelties, etc.; its principal office and place of business to be at Smethport Borough, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania; and for the above mentioned purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Solicitor.

STANDS
For the
BEST
in
BUSINESS
EDUCATION

**Young People with R. B. I. Training
Always in Demand**

During the last four years, Nov. 1, 1905 to Nov. 1, 1909, including the period of severe business depression, **4212** calls for graduates to fill good positions were received, **1013** more than the entire student enrollment during that time. Attendance much larger this year than ever before.

Next months registration dates Jan. 3 and 4. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE

Executor's Notice.

Estate of aMry E. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been duly issued by the Register of Wills of McKean county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified to meet at my office in the Grange Bank building at Smethport, Pa., and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

E. C. YOUNG,
Executor.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 11, 1909.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to Honorable Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, on Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the transfer to Lee Studley of the Bottler's license, granted at June Sessions, 1909, to Alfred Hagberg for the two story frame building on lot No. 10, on the east side of Randall Street, in the Village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, to sell malt and brewed liquors in quantities not less than 12 pint bottles, at said place. The said Lee Studley, to whom such transfer is asked to be made, resides at Hazelhurst, said Township, County and State and is by occupation a glass worker and laborer.

V. E. BOUTON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

Good Paying

Licensed Hotel

For Sale Right.

We offer for sale the Imperial hotel of 22 rooms in Shinglehouse, Pa., completely furnished, and in fine repair. Licensed hotel with fine bar trade. One acre of land, large barn which rents for $20 a month. This is one of the best locations in Potter county. Price $10,000. Terms $5,500 cash, time on balance. Possession at once. Poor health in owner's family only reason for selling. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Just Step in to

Bisett's Store

and you will find the most exclusive goods for Old and Young.

Big Line of Toys.

M. L. Bisett

City Store

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Huntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to R. H. Huntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

R. H. HUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Corydon, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

**First Class
Laundry Work.**

**Do not wear
SOILED COLLARS.**

Help one another by sending your LAUNDRY work

—— to ——

KANE STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. C. Kelts, Mgr.

C. S. VAN DUSEN, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

FISH,

OYSTERS,

CLAMS, ETC.

Mattrice River Cove Oysters in shell, clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.

QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.

MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.

This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.

We Solicit Your Work.

City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.

Morrison & Hogarth, local agents,
Armstrong's Drug Store.

**INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident**

——WRITTEN BY——

W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.

in good reliable companies

THE STEINWAY

of all pianos that are made, both in America and Europe, holds the very first place, by preference of every true musician, whether in his home, his studio or on the concert stage; by special appointment to royalty everywhere; by the overwhelming choice and endorsement of music lovers wherever music is cultivated.

The STEIMWAY PIANO is universally recognized as THE STANDARD PIANO OF THE WORLD. It is held up as the model and object of comparison for every other piano. Why? Because its tone is unapproached, its mechanism is unequalled, its durability is unrivalled.

When you buy a STEINWAY PIANO you settle the piano question for all time; you will never want to exchange it for a piano of any other make.

The very possession of a STEINWAY PIANO stamps your musical taste with the seal of supreme approval.

True, the STEINWAY PIANO is somewhat higher in price than other pianos. But is it not also and everlastingly true that the BEST IS THE CHEAPEST IN THE END? Will not the vastly greater satisfaction, musically, and the much longer year of service, which it will afford, more than compensate for this slight difference?

STEINWAY PRICES range from $550 up.
If, therefore, you are considering the purchase of s piano, do not act hastily by buying one of the first "just-as-good" pianos that may be brought to your particular notice, for, if you do, the time will surely come, sooner or later, when you will regret—and regret very much indeed—that you did not personally see and hear the STEINWAY before making your purchase.

We have at our warerooms one of the largest and by far the most valuable stock of pianos in Buffalo, our salesmen are always glad to wait on visitors as well as purchasers.

Old pianos taken in trade—easy payment if desired.

Exclusive Steinwey representatives for Western New York and Pennsylvania. A fully illustracted catalogue showing aepresentations of all regular styles will be mailed on application.

DENTON COTTIER & DANIELS
**Established 1827.
32-38 Court St. Cor. Pearl,
BUFFALO, N. Y.**

Great Sacrifice Sale
COMMENCES TODAY

50 overcoats for men
40 overcoats for boys
28 overcoats for children

at surprisingly low figures. Look now and see the bargains.

Mens overcoats sizes 34 to 40
boys overcoats sizes 15 to 36
Childrens overcoats age 2 1-2 to 10

$20 to $25 mens overcoats now	**$16.50**
$16 to $20 mens overcoats now	**$13.50**
$10 to $15 mens overcoats now	**$8.50**
$8.50 to $9.00 boys overcoats now	**$5.50**
$5.50 to $6.50 boys overcoats now	**$3.75**
$5.00 to $6.00 childrens overcoats now	**$3.50**
$3.50 to $4.00 childrens overcoats now	**$2.75**

Numerous other Bargains that space does not permit us to mention. Shoe Sale is still on. Come and see our bargain counter.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Merry Christmas Stationary

Christmas Boxes,
Hand Bags,
Pocket Books,
Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Bric-a-Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.

Call and see what we Have to offer.

McCoy's Drug Store

**Why You Should Trade at
BRENNAN'S**

We have the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries to be found in this vicinity. We also buy the best,—thus the cousumers always get the best.

Fair and courteous treatment to our patrons has made it possible for us to retain their trade and good will. Join the Crowd and trade where you get Satisfaction.

GEO. W. BRENNAN.
THE CASH GROCER

Christmas Shoppers
will do well to call at the
Fruit and Candy Store of
NAHARA & THOMAS

Our line of fruits is always the finest to be found in the market and we have one of the best lines of hand made candies ever shown in Town.

NAHARA & THOMAS
MAIN STREET. SMETHPORT, PA.

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

Coupled with this announcement there is a most Cordial invitation to every member of your family, to visit our Christmas Store. It will be Merry Christmas here from now until the hour on Christmas Eve when the Christmas spirit Created here will be Transferred to Hundreds of homes. Come to-night. Come every day from now until Xmas.

BIG PURCHASE OF SUITS AND COATS

SALE BEGINS THURSDAY DECEMBER 9, AND CONTINUES UNTIL CHRISTMAS

One of the luckiest purchases of the season places in our store an overwhelming array of beautiful Suits and Coats at these exceptional cash prices.

We offer them to you—right now at the beginning of the winter season—no waiting until the winter is half gone—but now we spread before you the greatest money-saving opportunity of the season.

We could place these coats in regular stock and get regular prices for every one and they would be worth it—but we want to sell every one of them in 15 days. We want to break records in our Cloak and Suit sections—we want to set a high-water mark for Sales and we are going to do it with these Coats and Suits—that's the reason for the prices—the plain, commonsense reason of more business.

Gather to yourself the benefit of low prices, leading styles and known quality. EVERY GARMENT BEARS THE PRINTZESS LABEL. Don't put off buying until the last. We have most all sizes now, but we won't have them long at these prices.

One $37.50 Suit for	$26.50
One section of $25.00 Suits for	18.00
One section of $27.50 Suits for	18.00
One section of $28.50 Suits for	20.00
One section of $25.00 Suits for	14.00
One section of $22.00 Suits for	11.00
One section of $20.00 Suits for	14.00
One section of $15.00 Suits for	9.00
One section of $11.00 Suits for	7.50

PRINTZESS COATS.

The newest models in 56-inch Coats in all colors and materials.

One section of $27.50 Coats for	$20.00
One section of $25.00 Coats for	17.50
One section of $23.50 Coats for	15.00
3 Coats regular price $25.00 for	12.50
4 Coats regular price $20.00 for	10.00
One loto f $18.00 Coats for	10.00
$45.00 Short Fur Jackets for	20.00
$40.00 Short Fur Jackets for	18.00
$22.50 Short Jackets for	10.00
One $35.00 Gentlemen's Coat made of bear fur for	15.00
One $35.00 Gent's Fur Coat for	18.00

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS.

$12.00 Coats for	$ 7.50	$11.00 Coats for	7.00
$7.50 Coats for	4.75	$6.00 Coats for	3.75
$5.00 Coats for	3.00	$3.50 Coats for	2.00
$7.50 Plush Coats for	5.00	$5.50 Plush Coats for	3.75

Exclusive Styles in ladies' and children's Winter Hats, at a great sacrifice.

$22.50 Hat for	$14.00	$18.00 Hat for	10.00
$14.00 Hat for	$8.75	$10.00 Hat for	6.00
$7.50 Hats for	4.00	$5.00 Hats for	3.50
$3.75 Hats for	2.75	$1.50 to $2.75 Street Hats for	1.00

One Fourth off on all Furs. The above prices are for cash only.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Smethport, Pa.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE

at

DALY & GARLICK'S

Hardware

Call and See the line

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 16, 1909.

Local and General.

—It don't look much like a green Christmas now.

—The members of the Mozart Study Club will meet at the Baptist church parlors Saturday afternoon, Dec. 18, at 2:30.

—There are only a few days left to do your Christmas shopping.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wells of Farmers Valley, on Sunday, December 12, 1909, a girl.

—The Bradford Inter-Club bowling tournament will begin Jan. 7. It will be a 15-week contest.

—After the regular meeting of the I. O. O. F. to-morrow night a supper will be served to the Rebekas and Odd Fellows.

—Be sure and remember the services in the Baptist church next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. J. E. Tiffany, pastor, Wesleyan Methodist church.

—We are pleased to state that John P. Herrick, editor of the Bolivar Breeze, who has been a patient under treatment at a sanatarium in Battle Creek, Mich., is reported to be much improved.

—The Wilson and Crowley lease of 120 acres with 28 wells, located near Allentown, N. Y., was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency to the Empire Gas & Fuel company. A lower gas sand has been developed and the property can be handled to excellent advantage by the new owners.

—The Christmas stamps are making great sales all over the United States. This year, the money that is realized from the sale of the stamps in this county will be used for the fight against consumption in this district. They are on sale in the stores here, and every one you buy is a bullet spent against the white plague. Buy them.

—A black bear, weighing 310 pounds which was killed near Kinzua, arrived in Bradford this morning over the Pennsylvania road. It was shipped by L. R. Collins from Kinzua, via Adams Express company. The bear was on a truck at the Pennsylvania, where it attracted much attention.—Tuesday's Star-Record.

—The steel steamer W. C. Richardson of the Richardson Transportation Company, of Cleveland, O., foundered in between 30 and 40 feet of water last Thursday morning on Waverly Shoals, two and a half miles beyond the Buffalo breakwater. Five lives were lost and fourteen saved. The loss of the boat and cargo is nearly $600,000.

—Miss Laura Braden, aged 16, daughter of A. G. Braden, a wealthy lawyer of Washington, Pa., was shot and instantly killed last Friday afternoon on her way from school, by Walter W. Seybold, aged 18, a rejected suitor. Seybold fled and when cornered by officers, shot and killed himself. The tragedy was committed within [illegible] of the girl's home in the most fashionable residence district. Mrs. Braden, who was on the porch awaiting her daughter's return, was a witness to the murder.

—James Harman, an English farmer living near Huntingdon, Pa., has been deserted by his wife, who took with her in her flight their 13-year-old daughter. They were accompanied by Harman's son, John, and the last seen of the three was when they bought tickets at McConnellstown for the South. Harman is fifty, and his wife, thirty-five and John is twenty-seven. The latter is a son by Harman's first wife and it is believed that he and Mrs. Harman have fallen in love. Last summer Harman sent money to England to pay his son's passage to this country and he now repays his father by eloping with his stepmother.

—Fred Snee, a boy 13 years of age, spent last night in the juvenile department at the police headquarters, and today will be taken to DuBois where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snee are anxiously awaiting him, says Monday's Era. Two weeks ago the boy ran away from his home in DuBois and came to Bradford. After looking over the sights of the city, he went out to Gates Hollow where he appeared at the home of Mrs. Waub and told a pitiful story about being an orphan and obliged to seek his own livelihood. He said his name was Fred Strunsbaugh and that his home was in Punxsutawney. He was given shelter.

Personal Mention.

J. Lester Ward of Port Allegany is serving on jury this week.

Mrs. C. G. Raymond of Port Allegany is the guest of Mrs. C. H. Corwin.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Miss Mary Selover are visiting in Geneva, N. Y., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus were Bradford visitors the latter part of last week.

R. K. Godding of the Kane Republican was a pleasant caller at this office this morning.

B. P. Oviatt and Webb J. Hopper were guests of Farmers Valley friends last Saturday night.

E. M. Aule of Kane was doing jury duty this week and shaking hands with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield returned home Saturday from a visit to Buffalo.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Will Blake of Eldred was in town Saturday.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. E. Mays of Corydon was in town this week attending court, and shaking hands with his many friends here.

Ranson Wetenhall, who has been conducting a creamery at Sugar Grove, Pa., during the past eight months, has returned home for the winter.

Navarre Hall.

Navarre Hall, the beautiful and splendidly appointed new building at the Clarion State Normal is an ideal home for girls. Particular emphasis is laid on the home life of the school. From a professional standpoint this school stands for the best; aiming to give its students effective training along professional lines and to train them to social and economic efficiency. Write to the principal for catalog and full information.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Prin.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf Miss Carrie Clark

WM. MONHEIMER.

COPYRIGHT A.P.E.E.C.

YOU HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE

if you wish to pick a suitable Xmas Gift for men or boys. Neckwear, Gloves, Shirts, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Fancy Socks, Shoes, Umbrellas, Suit Cases, Fur Caps, Suits Over Coats, etc. Quality and price cannot fail to meet with your approval.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns **Monarch Shirts**

FRY & COMES

Bargains For Xmas Shoppers

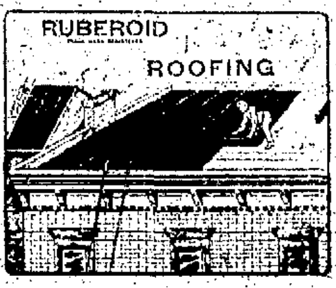
We offer some decided bargains for FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DEC. 17 and 18.

Surplus Stocks, Small lots and Odds and Ends are priced for quick clearance. Read below.

25c China, assorted	17c	$1.00 Teddy Bears	75c
$2.50 carved wood pipe rack	$1.25	$1.50 Teddy Bears	$1.13
25c Framed Pictures	13c	$2.50 Teddy Bears	$1.93
50c Framed Pictures	25c	$1 Mechanicl doll swings	50c
$1.25 Framed Pictures	75c	$2 Tool chest for boys	$1.50
$2.00 Framed Pictures	$1.00	$1 Crockinole Boares	50c
$2.00 Toilet Set	$1.25	$9.50 Fox scarfs for ladies	$7.50
25c gloves and Hdkf boxes	17c	$1.00 White Angora Sets for Children	75c
50c Teddy Bears	38c		

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

SANTA CLAUSES' HEADQUARTERS

A GOOD PLACE TO COME TO FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Our store is the ideal place to buy Christmas gifts. You will find in our stock useful and desirable presents for every member of your family, as well as your friends. Here are a few suggestions:

Mirror	**Military Sets**
Candy	**Manicure Sets**
Fine Stationery	**Toilet Sets**
Box Cigars	**Perfumes**
Toys	**Smaking Sets**

These are but a few, by looking around you will find something suitable for anyone on your list.

¶By traiding here you are sure of prompt attention, you avoid unpleasant crowds, you are sure of fresh, clean stock, you are not importuned to buy when you are only looking

UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE

H. C. Wells

ABOARD A SUBMARINE.

The Crew, the Work and the Kind of Life the Men Lead.

Life aboard a submarine is not so unpleasant or dangerous as one might imagine, but it is entirely different from that led on other types of ships.

The crew, usually consisting of two officers and fourteen men, is selected from volunteers after a most rigid medical examination. Service rarely extends beyond a period of two years, and real work on a submarine is limited to about three weeks in the summer and one in the winter. During the remainder of the time the men live on a "parent" ship or on shore. The boat is, however, put through the various evolutions once every week.

The first impression on entering a submarine is one of heat, the air being rather close and heavy, but the men soon become accustomed to it. Standing room space is about six and one-half feet, and toward both ends the boat tapers away almost to a point. There are no portholes. The hatchway in the conning tower is the only aperture. Under water electric light is used. There are ventilators, but when the boat dives they are shut off with a cap.

Life on board a submarine is essentially "in common." The way men and many objects are crammed together in a narrow space is almost miraculous.

Cooking is done in an electric oven, and no foods which have a strong or disagreeable smell are used. Of course smoking is allowed only when on the surface and then on the bridge. Owing to the character of the men selected discipline is perfect.

There is scarcely any noise in a submarine when submerged. The greatest depth the boat descends does not exceed thirty feet. At that depth her speed is about 8 knots. The air is quite "breathable" for four hours, but in case of emergency the crew can remain closed in for seventy hours without danger.

The men love the life. With the officers they are as one family, sharing everything equally, including the dangers, which are not much to speak of, provided every one does his duty. When the weather is fair there is very little rolling. In rough weather the men escape knocking about by holding on to "steadying lines."—New York Press.

JURIES IN ENGLAND.

They Get Through Their Work Quickly and With Little Fuss.

The working of the British jury system exhibits a marked contrast with that of our own. It is possible that my experience in British courts was exceptional, but in not a single instance did I see a jury challenged or [illegible]. In all of the courts requiring juries the necessary number of men were present and they were sworn in without question. In the sheriff's deputy court in Scotland the presiding judge gave notice to the jury that he expected to adjourn the court at 2 o'clock and stated that if they could all remain until that hour he would at once dismiss the men who had been called for a second panel. The jurors conferred together and decided to remain till 1 o'clock, whereupon the judge notified the other men to appear at 12:30. The one jury impaneled for the morning session rendered six verdicts in cases involving prosecutions for thefts, fraud and burglary.

In the court of quarter sessions at Taunton, England, I saw a single jury in one day render eleven verdicts. I found that it was customary in the several sorts of court that I attended for the same jury to act in successive cases. In no instance did I see a jury leave their seats to make up their verdict. Usually the issue before them was made so plain that all who gave attention knew in advance what the decision would be. I made note of an exceptional instance of delay when the court was forced to wait nine minutes for the report of the jury. In this case the judge who gave the instructions was himself in doubt as to what the verdict ought to be.

A Scottish jury consists of fifteen persons and a majority may render a verdict. In England the number is twelve and unanimity is required. But I noted no difference as to practical results in the two countries. The twelve men in the English jury were as prompt and certain in their action as were the eight out of fifteen in the Scottish jury.—McClure's Magazine.

A Hot Spot.

"I believe that Monterey, Mexico, is the hottest spot in the world in the daytime," said an Arizona man. "I have seen the thermometer register as high as 120 degrees in the late afternoon. It was so hot that the natives who ventured on the streets would hug the foot wide shade of the low buildings like lichen clings to tree bark. But here's the funny part of it: When the sun sets it begins to cool off, and at night it is positively necessary to sleep under blankets. The nights are delightfully cool, and I presume it is because one is able to get a good sleep that it is possible to live in that climate."—Washington Post.

The Complete Bookkeeper.

Mrs. Knicker—How do you make your books balance? Mrs. Booker—That's easy. I always spend the exact sum I receive right away.—New York Sun.

For Him to Say.

"Do you think I can stand an operation, doctor?"

"You know your financial condition better than I do."—Exchange.

Anger is a stone cast into a wasps' nest.—Malabar Proverb.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Its Effect Upon the Customer to Whom It Was Made.

A business man of Dayton, O., tells this story of some commercial friends of his:

A customer who bought in a small way from the wholesalers and whose credit was not of the sort known as gilt edged visited the city and purchased a $2,800 bill of goods, paying $2,500 in cash and giving his note for the remaining $300.

After the transaction had been closed and the paper and currency had changed hands the customer said:

"Now, after a deal of that size it is customary to give a purchaser a present. Come across with it."

"We'll throw in a pair of suspenders," laughed the salesman temporizingly.

"A pair of suspenders, eh! Say, quit fooling. I really mean it. I expect you to do something in acknowledgment of my patronage."

The salesman went to the manager with the problem, and the manager said:

"Well, if he feels that way about it we might encourage him a bit. We'll do something that ought to please him greatly. Give him back his $300 note. Make him a present of his paper. That will make him a cash customer and raise his credit and save him money besides."

The salesman went back, pleased to be the bearer of such joyful tidings of liberality in business.

"Well, sir," he said, "we've arranged about that present all right. Here," with a flourish, "is your note. We give it back to you."

The customer did not seem enthusiastic. Instead, without looking at the note he asked:

"Is it indorsed?"

"No," said the salesman in astonishment.

"Then I guess you better gimme the suspenders," said the disappointed customer.—Chicago News.

HOW A HORSE GALLOPS.

The Natural Way and the Conventional Pose In Art.

How does a horse gallop? Owing to the rapidity of action it cannot be seen by the human eye. However, just as the individual spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel can be made visible by a flash of lightning, so the action of a galloping horse can be and has been analyzed by instantaneous photography.

The statuette of Sysonby, the thoroughbred, has been made from photographs taken at the instant when all four legs are off the ground. The back is arched, the hind feet are directed forward, the fore feet backward, so that all are tucked under the animal's body.

When the hoofs again touch the ground the first to do so is one of the hind feet, which is thrust far forward so as to form an acute angle with the line of the body and thus serve the purpose of a spring in breaking the force of the impact of the hoof when the horse is going at top speed.

In the conventional mode of representing a galloping horse all four legs are off the ground at once, but the front pair are extended backward in such a way that the undersurfaces of their hoofs are directed skyward, the body being at the same time brought near the ground. This conventional pose appears to have been derived from a dog running, when the front and hind pairs of legs are respectively extended forward and backward, with the soles of the hind feet turned upward.

This pose, it is thought, was adopted to represent the gallop of the horse by the goldsmiths of Mycenae between 800 and 1000 B. C., whence it was transmitted by way of Persia and Siberia to China and Japan, to return in the eighteenth century as the result of commercial relations to western Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

The Earwig.

There is no insect which has puzzled naturalists as to its proper classification more than the earwig. Some have asserted that it belongs to the beetles, of which it is an "aberrant type;" others, that it is connected with the grasshoppers. Even about its very name there has been endless discussion. Some have thought the name earwig is the result of the creature's supposed habit of getting into the ears, while others are equally certain that it is derived from the original name, which they say was earwing, from the fact that the wing when spread resembles the human ear. At all events, one thing is certain—the earwig as we know it now is a survival of an early type of which almost every other member has become extinct.

Appropriate.

A family of children, after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:

"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say 'Good night.'"

"Let's have 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.

"Well, I think that would be more suitable tomorrow evening," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"—London Tatler.

What Did She Mean?

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?

Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Philadelphia Record.

The Art of Saving.

I believe that if somebody could invent unique ways of saving money the public would have an assured future. Men, women and children would regard saving as a game and play it with all their heart. There are penny savings banks where newsboys and bootblacks carry their tiny savings, but other children regard their penny bank at home with unfriendly eyes. There are working girls who put away their five cent pieces and fatten their small bank accounts by walking instead of riding and making other petty sacrifices. But the majority of working girls spend as fast as they can earn and declare that they cannot help it.

One reads of a man who began his career by regarding every dollar as a worker and getting all the profit he could. With that quaint conceit in his head saving became a pleasure, and he won riches without realizing that it was a struggle. I know of more than one woman who receives each night from her husband every dime he has received in change through the day, for he is careful to avoid spending such a piece of money. These, with her own savings in the same direction, make a respectable weekly showing.—Kansas City Journal.

Only Seeking Information.

The average New York boy is not a wonder of wit and wisdom, but most of them know a good thing when they see it. Also the contrary. Not long ago one of them saw a sign in front of a Sixth avenue place, "Boy Wanted." He was looking for something of that kind and walked in. There was nobody in sight, and he stood gazing. Presently the proprietor, a most grouchy person, appeared.

"What do you want here?" he inquired with scant courtesy.

"Well," replied the boy, disturbed by the man's manner and hesitating, "do you want a boy here?"

"That's what the sign says, don't it?" snapped the man.

"Yep," responded the boy, getting his second wind.

"Then we want a boy."

"Aw right," grinned the boy, backing away. "You git one. You can't have me," and he wiggled his fingers at the man and went out quickly.—New York Herald.

Tire Themselves Getting Ready.

Washington Irving tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap and ran so hard that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill. A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something definite, but never do. It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing, but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college and taken a number of postgraduate courses, but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—Success Magazine.

The Paper They Were Written On.

The average author would probably laugh at the statement that at one time in the world's history manuscripts, simply as such, irrespective of the nature of the text, were immensely valuable. In ancient times manuscripts were important articles from a commercial point of view. They were excessively scarce and were preserved with the utmost care. Even the usurers were glad to lend money on them when the owners were obliged to offer them in pawn. It is related in an ancient tome that a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law, and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero through the ready aid of the pawnbroker.

Her Logic.

A United States senator is one of his companions told this story to illustrate the logic of an opponent: Did you ever hear about the young woman in Fordham? One fine spring morning she sat on the piazza of her pretty little home sewing a button on her husband's coat. The husband himself appeared, and she said fretfully: "It's a perfect shame the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you."

"Sparks."

"I wonder," said young Mr. Staylate, hunting around for subject matter of conversation, "why they used to call beaus 'sparks.'"

"Perhaps," replied the suffering maiden, deftly showing a yawn in the act of apparently concealing it, "it was because sometimes they went out."—San Francisco Chronicle.

No Jewish Lullabies.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the love and devotion of a Jewish mother, there seems to be no trace of a real Jewish lullaby. Those known are of a recent origin.—American Hebrew.

Her Gamble.

"Did you ever gamble, ma?"

"Only once, my son."

"And when was that?"

"When I married your father."—Princeton Gazette.

Domestic Bliss.

Madame—I don't know where our son gets all his faults from. I'm sure he doesn't get them from me. Monsieur—No, you're right there; you haven't lost any of yours.

Breaking the Fast in Ramazan.

The Arabs say Ramadan; the Persians and Turks say Ramazan. They all observe throughout the month a species of fast that has no precise counterpart in the west. So long as the sun is in the sky food or drink of any kind may not pass the true believer's lips. He is not even allowed the sweet solace of a cigarette. But from the firing of the sunset guns until it is light enough to distinguish a black hair from a white he may feast to surfeiting. Watchmen will patrol the streets with drums to warn him that his moments of grace are numbered, and cannon once more announce their end.

Nothing is more characteristic of late afternoons in Ramazan than the preparations for the evening meal which preoccupy all Moslems, particularly those who work with their hands. As the sun nears the horizon fires are lighted, tables are spread, bread is broken, water is poured out, cigarettes are rolled, and hands are lifted halfway to the mouth in expectation of the signal that gives liberty to eat. This breaking of the daytime fast is called iftar and is an institution in itself. To be invited to iftar is a particular mark of friendship.—Scribner's Magazine.

Skeleton In the Closet.

The original of the singular saying "A skeleton in the closet," which is found in almost every language in Europe, is found in one of those curious collections of stories that have come down from the middle ages. In one of these collections, compiled by an unknown hand about the middle of the tenth century, there is a story of a wealthy lady who, having a secret grief, confided it to a friend who was apparently a perfectly happy woman. She was the wife of a nobleman who lived in his castle in the south of France. She and her husband were outwardly on the most loving terms. Not a care about seemed to cast a shadow on her path.

After hearing the story of her afflicted friend the noble lady took her by the hand and led her to a secret chamber adjoining her bedroom, then opened the door of a closet and exposed a skeleton. "Know, my friend," she said, "no one is happy. Every day I am forced by my husband to kiss this grinning death head, which is that of a gentleman who was my husband's rival and whom I would have married had not my parents willed otherwise."

The End of the Ride.

Coming out of one of the large department stores two well dressed women saw a group of street urchins gazing at their automobile and one little girl was heard to say, "Wish I could have a ride in it." The women smiled, and then the child was asked if she would really like a ride and was helped into the machine after assuring the women that she would not be missed at home. Her companions set up a cheer as the machine started, and some of them were still on the spot when it returned half an hour later, bringing back the little girl. The women congratulated themselves on having given the little one an extraordinary treat, but were disenchanted when she told them that her father was a chauffeur and that she liked his machine "a great deal better."—New York Tribune.

A Compliment to the Minister.

In Albert Dawson's work, "Joseph Parker—His Life and Ministry," there are some anecdotes of the famous minister of the City temple. We are told that what Dr. Parker regarded as, in its own peculiar way, the best compliment he ever received came from an omnibus conductor. The vehicle was crossing Holborn viaduct, and when it came to the City temple a passenger alighted.

"That's the 'ouse, and that's the place," said the conductor, indicating Dr. Parker's church. "I went there once, and I enjoyed myself so much that I'm going again the first night off I have. We laughed, and we cried, and we had a rare time. You see," the conductor continued, "he doesn't make religion so — serious."

Seeds Planted In Eggshells.

Fill half an eggshell with good rich earth, stick in a seed or two, stand the shell up in a box of earth, keep it warm and moist, and then, when you think you can trust the weather out of doors and the seeds have sprouted, you knock the shell off and put the little ball of earth into Mother Earth, and there you are. Not a root has been disturbed, and if you choose a favorable time for transplanting there will not be a wilted leaf to retard the growing of the plant.

Painted Lips.

The "Personal Recollections of Sutherland Edwards," English music critic, records that after the peace of 1815 it used to be the rule for every hussar to wear a black mustache, and those who had neither a black mustache nor a fair one which they could dye were required to paint the semblance of a black mustache on their upper lip.

The Entire Trouble.

"Don't take it so hard," said the sympathizing friend. "Remember that though your daughter is married you have not lost her."

"I know," sobbed the bride's mother. "That's the trouble. Julia and her husband have already picked out the best room in the house for theirs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Perfect Innocence.

The Beauty (turning from a long gaze in the mirror)—I do envy you! The Friend (pleased, but incredulous)—You envy me, my dear! I wonder why. The Beauty—Because you can see the real me. I can never see anything but the mere reflection.—London Punch.

Striking a Comet.

If we ask the effect of a comet's striking the earth we will readily see that if the head of the comet were composed of bowlders a collision would have disastrous consequences. A rain of millions of great meteoric stones would, of course, bring catastrophe. If, however, it were merely a rain of small particles or dust we might never become conscious of it, for the particles would never reach us. They would be fused into gas through friction with our atmosphere many miles before reaching the surface. If the gases liberated by friction were in excessive volume we might suffer discomfort or even disaster. It is estimated that hundreds of millions of meteoric particles strike our atmosphere every day. This would be a serious matter if we were not protected by our great shattering envelope of air. Occasionally a meteoric bowlder is large enough to resist the heat generated by this friction and reaches the surface. This we call a meteorite. The now established connection between comets and meteors is a matter of great interest.—Ralph B. Larkin in North American Review.

"Choir."

Churchgoers who follow the service in their prayer books would certainly miss the "dear old phrase" concerning "quires and places where they sing," and in time the old fashioned "quires" may be made new fashioned again by the coming of rationalized spelling. "Choir" was a most unnecessary outrage upon the language. The old English "quer" or "quere" became quite naturally "quyer" or "quire," and so it remained until the end of the seventeenth century, when somebody seems to have introduced "choir" because it looked more like the French "choeur," as if that were a valid reason. There could have been no danger of confusing a church "quire" and a "quire" of paper, which is a different word. The French "cahier," probably from Latin "quaternio," a collection of four leaves.—London Standard.

Locked Shah In House of Commons.

A shah of Persia, who made a state visit to England in 1873, had a curious experience in the distinguished strangers' gallery of the house of commons. He soon got tired of watching the legislators at work, but when he made a move to go he was told he could not leave the gallery. It happened at that moment that a division was called, and in accordance with the practice which then prevailed all the doors of the house were locked until the vote was taken. Mr. Gladstone made an interesting comment on the incident. "It," he wrote in his long, [illegible] probably, or possibly, the first [illegible] more than 300 years that a foreign sovereign has been under personal restraint of any kind in England."—Westminster Gazette.

HAUNTED ALASKAN ISLAND.

Ghosts of Russian Exiles Who Died of Starvation or Torture.

To the south and west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog, this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who claim it is haunted by the ghosts of Russian exiles.

The natives will not go near the island, saying it means certain death to invade the ghostly confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many and weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die by torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the clink of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who nearly lost his reason.—Tanana Tribune.

The Dean's Retort.

One Sunday morning at Canterbury church Dean Hole noticed a tipsy man in the congregation. He bore his presence until it was no longer possible and then came to a halt with the question, "Are you fit to remain in God's house?"

The man got up unsteadily and was helped to the door.

"James," said Hole after the service was over, "what did you do with him?"

The useful parishioner replied, "I put him on a tombstone, sir."

The indignant vicar's retort was, "Couldn't you have put him under it?"—London Mail.

Names In Politics.

"I want to make a name for myself in politics," said the ambitious youth.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "it's liable to be a long and difficult enterprise. You'll probably have to put in a considerable share of your time allowing your enemies to call you any names that happen to think of."—Washington Star.

No Bones Broken.

"It seems his uncle fell out of a hotel window."

"Gracious! Any bones broken?"

"Not one."

"No?"

"No. He was merely drowned. It happened in Venice."

Her Reason.

"It is awfully good of you to let me have a dance," a young man remarked gushingly to his partner. "I can't think what made you so kind."

"No?" the girl rejoined. "Why, don't you know that it's a charity ball?"

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
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Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
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Borough.

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoons.
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BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE [illegible], Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 35, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYER, W. M.
[illegible]

[illegible] after Monday [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall. Reception degree [illegible] Warrior's degree [illegible]
W. G. HOLDER, S.
L. K. [illegible]

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 p. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. H. Tillit, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Janet, the Factory Girl

The Ray of Brightness That Came Into Her Dull Life.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"Dingle, dongle, dingle, ding, dang, d-d-ng," ended the first summons to the factory workers, the last "d-d-ng" being long drawn out, as though the bell ringer, who was also the night watchman, was becoming weary of the signal which ended [illegible] yet did not end his hours of [illegible]. [illegible] at the window, through which a faint suggestion of daylight was beginning to appear. Rain was pattering [illegible], and the slightest failure [illegible] the room, and the mere thought of stepping out upon a cold floor brought an involuntary shiver, and the factory was fully a mile away.

Janet was blue. She had gone to bed in that condition, and now she had awakened in the same way.

It was not until she heard a hesitating step below that she sprang from bed, repentant, ashamed, and hurried into her clothes and downstairs.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "you ought not to have got up till I had a fire started! There, let me throw this shawl around you!"

"I was afraid you'd be late, dearie," her mother said apologetically. "I meant to have got up sooner and had something warm for you, but overslept. It's too bad to have to go out on a morning like this."

"Well, I didn't oversleep," confessed Janet, forcing herself into temporary cheerfulness. "I was just lazy and lay there studying about things. Lucky I had everything ready last night. I'll put the water in this shallow pan so it'll heat quickly; then we'll have coffee." She glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes, and it'll take twelve for me to walk to the factory. No, mum, you needn't put up a chair for me. I shan't sit down. I'll just take a bite and run. Don't you hurry, though. Wait till the biscuits get warmed over and the coffee's good, then take your time. It'll help fill up the day. You must get awful lonesome here by yourself."

"N-no, not so very," the old woman answered. "I have my knitting, and there's the cat. But I do look forward to your coming home, dearie."

"I suppose so. I wish"— She paused abruptly. She must not make things any harder for the invalid, who already had to bear so much. She took a few bites hurriedly and in silence, then slipped some bread and an apple into a paper bag.

Janet was all ready, with the hood of the waterproof drawn over until it almost concealed her face, when her mother returned with the slippers and stockings rolled into a small package. This and the lunch she slipped under the folds of the waterproof. Then she pushed back the hood a little in order to kiss her mother goodby.

"Now I must hurry," she said, "for time's up. Tonight I'll cook up a lot of nice things—an Indian pudding, maybe, and some brown bread. And you know, mother, Sunday's only three days off, when we'll be together most all day."

Outside the depressed feeling returned in its full intensity. The rain beat in her face, the raw wind crept through the waterproof and thin clothing, the road was covered with two inches of soft, clinging mud, and it was still too dark for her to see her way clearly.

The next house was dark. The folks had not got up yet and would not have to any more until it was light. Mary Bosworth, her best friend, lived there, and the morning before Mary had joined her in the hurry toward the mill. But Mary was a very bright girl, who had studied drawing and other things and who was quick and imaginative in sketching designs and novelties. The day before she had been promoted to the position of assistant designer for the mill, and after this she would work in the office and not have to go in until 8 o'clock.

A depression in the road caused her to stumble, splashing the mud up to her waist. Her lips quivered. She was not bright, like Mary. She could not do anything except make Indian pudding and brown bread and common things like that, and spin. They did say she was the best spinner in the whole room. But spinning wasn't good to help one up to anything else. It meant that she could just spin and spin and spin all the rest of her life.

A halting footstep and an eager "Janet, Janet," caused her to slacken her pace a little. A lame girl was limping toward her, a girl younger than herself and far more thinly clad, but the sallow, pinched face was radiant.

"Isn't it fine, Janet?" she cried gleefully as she snuggled under the waterproof, which Janet promptly opened and shared with her. "I can go along with you to the mill now, and I'm to work in the same room. Just to think I spoke for a job six months ago and only got it now! It was awful nice that Mary Bosworth got her fine place—nice for her and me, too, for it gives me her job. Now I can get a lot of things that mother needs, and maybe next summer I can take music lessons."

Janet drew the frail, happy figure a little closer. A year before, when she first obtained her job, she had felt much the same. And the job had bought her mother and herself many nice things they had not had before. And now she was repining!

Janet's spirits began to rise. After all, she was glad that Mary Bosworth had been promoted. She had earned the place, and she was such a beautiful, sincere, thoroughly nice girl. It was not that she envied or was jealous of her and the book heroines; it was only that she could not go and do something that would make her like them.

The last bell had been ringing for several minutes now, and from its accelerating clangs and tumultuous jingles they knew it was racing on toward its final "dinglety, dinglety, dinglety," the last notes of which would still be madly vibrating the air when the night watchman darted out, putting on his hat and coat as he ran. His speedy exit would be the signal for the rest of the help to slip inside the yard gates, for then they would be locked. Janet and her companions were a dozen yards away when the final "dinglety" sounded and the watchman speeded out, but the gatekeeper saw them and fumbled clumsily with the fastenings until they could hurry in.

On damp days like this the ends ran badly, with much twisting and breaking, and, though Janet was nimble fingered and the best spinner in the room, she had all she could do to keep her sides pieced up. Especially was this the case after doffing, which occurred twice a day. With the bobbins nearly full the threads ran more smoothly, but with them empty or nearly so there was greater strain upon the threads, causing them to snap frequently. The doffers pieced up the first irregular breaks, but after that the spinner had to attend to her own sides.

This doffing of the full bobbins and replacing them with empty ones upon the spindles had always been an interesting operation to Janet, and she could doff as quickly and neatly as the experts themselves.

There were always two of these doffers, each taking a side of a frame and going up one row and down another until the room was completed. They use small sleds or carriages which could be pushed along the sides by the right knee as they worked. It took about two hours to doff the whole room, and then the doffers were allowed to leave the mill or do whatever they pleased until doffing time came again.

This long leisure between work made the position of doffers a very desirable one, and there was a saying among the spinners that "once a doffer, always a doffer." The present two had held their positions for years.

Soon after the morning doffing the overseer made one of his observation tours among the frames, reprimanding by blowing upon his shrill whistle any neglect of work he found. No matter where the operator of a side might be, when she heard that whistle she hastened back to her neglected duty with apologetic and crimson face. In Janet's alley this whistle was rarely heard. When he came to her now the overseer was smiling. He usually was smiling when he found good work.

"You had a hard morning coming down, didn't you, Janet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It was pretty wet and muddy."

"Well, why don't you ask for the Harding tenement? They're going to leave next week, and it would bring you to within a few rods of the mill gate. It's the same rent as your house out there in the country, I think, and would make it a lot easier for you this winter. Suppose I speak to the outside manager about it?"

"Thank you. I wish you would," she said gratefully.

She could leave her mother later and be back to her earlier in the evening, and it would save that long walk during the winter. But, on the other hand, there was the apple orchard at the country place and the big garden and the flowers around the house. Her mother loved flowers, and one of her chief pleasures was to be out among them in the spring and during the summer. And they had planned so many vines and beds for the next year. It was really beautiful out there, while the Harding tenement was only the counterpart of fifty others, without yard or even fence around it. And even if it was cold and disagreeable sometimes, that mile walk would very likely be good for her to counteract the mill confinement. What had she been thinking about?

She went straight to the overseer. [illegible]

[illegible] you are the proper one to have the place. Your may commence Monday. You've done your work conscientiously, and I want you to feel the management appreciates it. This job will give you a lot of time next spring to look after your garden and the flowers, and you can get home earlier nights. Your mother will like that."

Janet turned away, smiled happily, but with something choking in her throat that prevented speech.

LANDES SHEPHERDS.

French Peasants Who Are Experts In Walking on Stilts.

There is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and [illegible] on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a [illegible] stirrup and strap, and still [illegible] the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. [illegible] stilts, especially [illegible] for long walking and for [illegible], are even higher than seven [illegible]. The power [illegible] kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent [illegible].

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over rocks, clear fences and walls and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular [illegible] in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A VICTIM OF WORRY.

The Man Who Is Always Expecting Some Kind of Trouble.

There is always a cloud on his face because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is trying to undermine him, or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows, thinking if he could only get a little farther on, a little higher up, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family, but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success Magazine.

Self Control.

The self control of the Japanese, even in times of the utmost stress, and their courtesy, which begets quietness and discretion, are both brought out by a writer in St. Paul's Magazine.

"Cry. It will do you good," I said once to a poor Japanese woman who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill.

She laid her little slim brown finger upon her trembling red lip and shook her head, then whispered, "It might disturb him."

"Cry. It will do you good," I said the next day, when the man was dead and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and overenforced self control.

"It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.

Bread and Pipe Baker.

The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes enlivened her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided the same as cups or spoons by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes, some hundred perhaps, to the nearest bakery. The baker would boil them, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. [illegible]"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Distress of Hunger.

"I'm simply starving," cried the short story writer. "I wish they'd begin dinner."

"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.

"I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

Good Imagination.

Teddy, after having a drink of plain soda water, was asked how he liked it.

"Not very well," he replied. "It tastes too much as though my foot had gone asleep in my mouth."—Success Magazine.

The Redemption of Tramp Kelly.

A Lesson That Was Taught by His Brother In Misery.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY

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Milwaukee Red had just rolled out of a box car, having arrived on a night freight from Seattle, and was thumping back doors for breakfast.

With one foot very conspicuously bound up in rags, an arm in a sling and an expression of countenance to correspond, he had applied at several doors without success when at the door of a poor little shack in a side street a woman with a foreign accent bade him come in.

"Hot at last!" thought Milwaukee Red. "[illegible] power house, working right? [illegible] set down already? Dat's [illegible] some. Dat beats de cold handouts a mile. Now, jes' watch little Willie punish de grub!" And he hesitated not the fraction of a second; but, with a cheerful willingness born of a two days' fast, he followed the woman into the house.

But Red's bright vision of a table loaded with savory dishes only lasted until he got inside the door. The table was there all right, but in place of the smoking breakfast that Red's hungry imagination had conjured up there were only some fragments of loaves of black bread and a pitcher of water, while seated about the table were four half starved children.

The woman explained to Red that they were themselves nearly starving, that she was a widow and that a grown son, her only support, had wandered off months since in search of employment, but that she never turned a hungry man away unfed at least with such as she had and ended by bidding him sit up to their frugal board.

But Red did not move. He stood in the middle of the floor and stared as though hypnotized. He stared at the partly eaten pieces of dry bread, at the famished looking children, at the pale faced woman and at the room in general, wherein want was written everywhere. He stared for a full minute, and then, without a word, he turned and strode out of the room. And the woman noticed that he did not limp as he went out as he had done when he came in.

Outside, Red made for the nearest alley, divested himself of his "make-up," stored the bandages in a bundle for future use and started uptown. An inspiration had come to Mr. Red of Milwaukee.

He had been in Frisco many times before, and he knew the ropes at a certain cheap eating place south of Market street. Once in a moment of weakness he had accepted a position in the place for a few days washing dishes.

Red went boldly into a meat market and said: "I'm after de meat for Johnnie's hash factory. Johnnie sent me. Dey wants ten pounds."

The butcher looked at Red. "Just some tramp dishwasher at Johnnie's," he thought to himself. "He acquires a new one every other day. I'll chance it's being all right."

Red hiked with the meat, but not to Johnnie's. He next lay for a baker's wagon. Pretty soon one rattled past and stopped in front of a house. Red watched his chance, and as the driver ran around the house with two loaves of bread he helped himself to four nice, fresh warm ones from a box up on top.

Butter and milk were next on his shopping list, and these he stole from back doors where the articles had been left, it being yet early in the morning and Red being an artist in this kind of foraging.

A half hour later the kind hearted though poverty stricken woman who had offered Red a share of what she had was surprised to find on her back porch the food he had collected, together with the following crudely written note:

Deer Madam—Dese tings are for you. Don't say nothin' about it to nobody. Jes' tura de kids loos on it. A FRIEND.

The next morning another and similar offering was found on the porch and eagerly appropriated, the poor family supposing it to be the work of some charitably disposed person, as in fact it was, though the tramp who had called at their door was farthest from their thoughts.

These early morning donations continued, with scarcely an interruption, for three weeks. Some mornings there would be articles of clothing for both children and adults as well as food. Of the latter there was a great variety as great a variety, in fact, as the source from which it came.

"Wot yer rustlin' so hard for all de time, Red?" asked Kelly the Bum one night when they met in an alley where some empty barrels afforded free lodgings.

"Get a fambly to support," was Red's terse reply.

"A which?" exclaimed Kelly, scarcely crediting his ears.

"A fambly," repeated Red.

"You sure must be nutty," said Kelly, with alarm, as though in fear of bodily harm.

Then Red had to explain the situation. "I ain't goin' to see them kids go hungry," he said, "not as long as I can rustle."

[illegible]

"Russian Hill?" echoed Kelly, [illegible] his voice changing to a note of interest.

"Yes, Russian Hill," repeated Red. "Wat's remarkable about dat?"

"Nothin'," said Kelly, with an effort to appear unconcerned, [illegible] then, after a moment during which neither spoke, he asked: "Where them people live? [illegible]"

Red [illegible] the street and described the [illegible]

[illegible]

Kelly did not answer at once. He seemed to have lost the power of speech and to be lost in thought, though Red knew him too well to try to force his fagged friend to unbosom himself.

Finally Kelly pulled himself together and said: "Well, must be goin'. Got a hen on. No, don't need no help. See yer tomorrow." And then he added impressively: "Red, whatever yer do, don't git pinched. Hear me? Keep yer eyes peeled an' don't git pinched. S' long."

"S' long, Kelly," said Red. "Look out yer don't git pinched yerself."

There was no denying it was a grim risk Red was running, as was indicated by the following news item which appeared prominently the next day in a city paper:

SNEAK THIEVES INFESTING HILL DISTRICT.

Recently sneak thieves have been plying their trade in the Russian Hill district so industriously that there is an insistent call for more police protection. Articles of food and clothing have been disappearing so rapidly in that neighborhood of late that it would seem a small army of these gentry are at work there. Groceries left at back doors in the early morning hours are being taken, clotheslines are being denuded, and small neighborhood stores even are being entered and robbed in broad daylight. The police are laying for these miscreants, and a good, healthy penitentiary term awaits all caught in the dragnet.

And besides the risk which he knew he was running Red felt the weight of the responsibility which he had voluntarily assumed. Looking out for himself was an easy matter. Long experience had made him a past master in the high art of living without working. But looking out for himself and supporting "a fambly" were two different propositions.

However, he had not long to carry the burden. One morning—it was a week since Kelly's sudden disappearance—Red was surprised to find the poor woman awaiting him on the oft visited back porch.

Their surprise was mutual, for the woman at once recognized in Red the tramp with whom she had offered to divide her crust several weeks previous.

"And is it really you who have been doing this?" she questioned, as though doubting her senses.

"I reckon 'tain't nobody else, mum," said Red.

"How can I thank or ever repay you?" she said, her lips trembling.

"Don't try to do neither one, mum," advised Red, longing for some avenue of escape. "How's yer gittin' erlong? How's the kids?"

"Oh, that is what I was waiting to see you or whoever brought the things about," said the woman. "We don't need help any more. My dear son Will"—and tears of happiness shone in her eyes—"has returned, and he got work yesterday. He's going to take care of us now. He was gone so long, and we didn't know where he was. But he says he'll never leave us again. We're all so happy! It seems as though you have brought us good luck. I want you to come this evening and see my Will. He'll be so glad to see you."

Red looked past the woman and saw a coat which he easily recognized as Kelly's hanging upon a peg just within the kitchen door. And his pal's strange behavior on the night of their last conversation was at once explained.

"Don't see how I can come, mum," he said, "but tell Kelly—I mean Will—that I'm glad he's doin' so well and to stay with his new job."

And before the happy woman could detain him or press upon him more words of gratitude Red was out the gate and gone.

That same day they saw an item in a newspaper about a tramp being run over by an automobile and lying in a hospital with a broken leg. Something in the reporter's reference to the man led those whom Red had befriended to think it was he. Going to the hospital, true enough there was their old friend. As soon as he was able to be moved they took him home with them, and as they were now in a more prosperous condition they kept him till he had grown strong again. Then he insisted on going out to resume his tramps. They tried to persuade him to stay with them and get work, but he shook his head grimly and walked away.

A NATURAL WONDER.

The Devil's Race Course in the Blue [illegible]

[illegible] Its Race Course, which [illegible] miles from Pennmar.

"At first view this [illegible] natural phenomenon appears like a broad roadway of great stones which extends away up the mountain in a path no human hand could ever build. Many of these great stones weigh tons, while others are only a few hundredweights, lying close together by the thousand. They present an extraordinary spectacle.

"Tradition has it and scientists agree that a thousand or more years ago this strange track was the bed of an [illegible]. The conclusion is drawn from the looks of the stones. They are all well rounded [illegible], showing the action of water, which had polished their rough edges [illegible].

[illegible] water was [illegible] the stones, for the course is not bounded by high banks, nor is it located in a ravine. In fact, it stands somewhat higher than the [illegible] side of the mountain. The puzzle only intensifies interest in the queer place and multiplies the arguments and theories of its prehistoric origin."—Baltimore American.

THE ANIMAL MIND.

A Story About a Cow and the Calf She Licked.

An absurd story is cited about a cow, showing what creatures of habit animals are. This particular cow would not stand to be milked unless she could lick her calf at the same time. For a long time she always had a calf of some one or other to lick, but at last by ill fortune one of her calves died.

There is no reason why a bereaved mother should mourn her loss just at milking time, but there was the fixed habit of making certain motions. The farmer, however, was a practical psychologist. He stuffed the skin of the calf with hay and let the cow have that to lick. To be sure, the hay calf had neither head nor legs, but a cow has no general ideas concerning the nature of calves nor any special reason for assuming that calves should have heads and legs. It felt right, and it smelled right. It enabled her to go through the customary motions at milking time. Therefore it was sufficient.

By dint of caressing and licking her little calf the tender parent one fine morning unripped it. The hay issued from within, and the cow, manifesting not the slightest surprise or agitation, proceeded tranquilly to devour the unexpected provender.—H. T. Brewster in McClure's Magazine.

A Gentle Rebuke.

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were "very fine, ma'am; very fine, indeed." Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

"They don't appear very good," she said some time later, examining carefully a basketful. "Only look"—she extracted one and tasted it—"they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one." She took another. "I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?" she inquired.

"There was," said the grocer respectfully, "but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't."

"You may give me two boxes," said Mrs. Beacon.—Youth's Companion.

Lincoln's Religion.

I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.—Abraham Lincoln.

Queer Friends.

On board the Union Castle R. M. S. Goth on a voyage from the Cape to Teneriffe was a little monkey belonging to one of the stewards. It was very fond of sitting on the back of a [illegible] ship's pet, while the latter [illegible] about the decks. [illegible] was always friendly with [illegible] used as her steed.—Wide World Magazine.

The Little Thing Counted.

[illegible] it is the little things of life that count. Like [illegible] Willie (in a loud whisper)—Maw, that's the sixth biscuit he's took.—Exchange.

Emotional.

"What sort of roles does Rounder take in the new drama?"

"An emotional one. In the big scene he is offered a drink which he has to refuse."

Labor bestowed on trifles is silly.—Martial.

Entertaining and Hospitality.

I have no sympathy with the tired murmur of the straining women who speak of entertaining as "a duty to society." We all have duties to society, but entertaining is not one of them. There is no more obligation for a woman to entertain than there is for a man to swap horses with a neighbor. The conditions as they now exist are identical. The neighbor may desire to swap his horse, but no man feels bound on that account to exchange his own for it against his wish. Since I have recognized the market value of my own horse and how much I am always expected to give "to boot," I never swap.

The real and usually neglected duty to society is hospitality, and that has an important distinction from entertaining. It is hospitality only when the entertainment is without hope of reward. The moment the host hopes to receive in exchange even a good opinion, a little affection or admiration it ceases to be hospitality and becomes entertaining. The foundation of hospitality must be perfect unselfishness.

The question left us to solve in individual cases is, Which will give the most satisfaction as society is now organized?—Ethel Davis in "Dishonesty and Caste."

Time at the North Pole.

At the north pole time is nothing, and if one were residing at the north pole it would be unnecessary to wind one's watch. You are always at 12 o'clock and can't walk out of the hotel without walking south. All times of day meet at the pole as the meeting place of all the meridians. A man sitting with the invisible mathematical point right under him would be in all twenty-four hours at once, or a twenty-four hour watch placed on the pole could be made to point to the correct time in every part of the world. There used to be something of an approximation to this in the extreme north of Norway, where the degrees of longitude squeeze in, until recent days. Captains of Norwegian coasting schooners will tell you how inconvenient it was to change between the time of Helgeland at Bergen and that of Crete at the North cape. While correct local time was maintained, General Norwegian time became indispensable.

A Traveler's Tale.

The passengers were beguiling the journey with pleasant conversation. One man in particular, who had the look of a traveler, told of long sojourns in foreign lands and kept them all interested with his narratives. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, "there is nothing like travel to expand the mind. Now [illegible] many of you have ever seen a hedgehog putting on a waistcoat?" His fellow passengers stared in surprise. "No, we certainly have not!" "Or a lettuce donning a pair of trousers?" "No!" "Or a spring onion fixing on its head a collar?" "No, not even that." "Well, gentlemen," said the traveler, as the train drew near the terminus and he prepared to alight, "you may believe me or not, as you like, but several times in my travels I have seen not only a beet root or a lettuce or an onion but a whole salad dressing!"—London Mail.

His Claim to Fame.

"Who was this fellow Pepys, and what is his claim to fame?"

"His claim to fame is well founded, my friend. He's the man who kept a diary for more than a year."—Kansas City Journal.

Cause For Surprise.

Belle: Mr. Higgins started to kiss me last night.

Bessie: And weren't you surprised?

"I should say I was. He didn't do it."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Preparation.

"Listen to this charming bit of obituary sentiment," said a cynical bachelor: "He had been married forty years and was prepared to die."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Great Stocks of TOYS are now in 'BELL'S BASEMENT'

Its the Childrens' Fairyland. Bring the little ones to view it. There's no equal display to be seen in this vicinity.

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Did you ever buy FURNITURE HERE? Did you Ever Visit this Large Department, where row after row, tier after tier of Beautiful Designs for the Parlor, Library, Dining Room, and Bed Room are displayed? Our Prices are attractive too.

Our Christmas preparations have been made on a larger scale than ever before--everything has been chosen with great care so that none but goods of worthy quality are here. Visit the store often. The Xmas spirit permeates the store, stocks and people.

A Rich Stock of Furs

for the Christmas Trade. We are completely ready. No stock in this part of the state is larger or more up to date, and owing to the warm weather conditions, we have been able to secure extra fine qualities of Fur below their market value.

As much can be done in an hour early as in two hours later.

Ladies Coats

One Rack, all 50 inches long, choice....$10.95

Military coats in Green, Navy, Grey, and Black at $20.00, $25.00 and....$27.50

A beautiful line of Black Broadcloth Coats at $15.00 to....$37.50

The entire Ready-to-wear Floor is now at its best both as to showing and exceptionally low prices.

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$25.00 Brown Coney 22 inch length, for....$15.00

Everybody will be waited upon but morning shoping is easiest

50 inch Black Russian Pony coats for $47.50 and....$60.

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36-inch Near Seals....$47.50

$50.00 Coney, 40 inches long, for....$37.50

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River Mink Coats, 50 inches long....$77.50

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1 Special lot of 100 Ladies Suits, all 1909 Models, Value $50.00, $25.00 and $30.00.

Mostly one Garment of a style (no duplicates) choice of the entire lot

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Or have a Shredded Codfish Omelet—Souffle—Chops—Croquettes—Kedgeree.

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For we use only the choicest fish—the finest that come out of the deep.

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Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.